THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XX. { PUBLISHED BY GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO. S. W. Corner of Third and Chesnut Streets. Second Story. } PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 5, 1840. { TERMS. $2 PER ANNUM. $2 IF PAID IN ADVANCE. $1 25 IN ADVANCE FOR 6 MONTHS. } WHOLE NO. 1010.

Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Grandfather's Tale.

A Passage from the Memory of an Old Man.

BY PRETCHEL.

> "Dum hodie mihi, cras tibi."
> What will it bring across? Repose. Burns.
> And more—much more, perhaps, would rise,
> The power of memory proves.—Miss Waterman.

Introduction.

I am an old man. The fruits of sixty winters have passed over my head, and left it as white as the driven snow; and I have long since left adieu to the gay scenes of pleasure, and the bustle of the world. Time's ruthless hand has not spared me, and the fine impress of care is visible upon my brow. The ardent hopes, and highly colored expectations of youth, have long since given way to the sad thoughts, and calm, sober reflections of mature age. The morning of life with its serene sunshine is past, soon with its noon-day splendor, and I now calmly await the approach of night.

I love to take my pipe of an evening, and seating myself in my easy chair, contemplate the smiling countenances of my little grandchildren, as, with light hearts, they amuse themselves in various and innocent ways; while my affectionate daughter (their mother) sits sewing by my side.

As I sit thus listening to their merry voices, memory—all powerful memory—awakes my mind, and my recollection the happy hours of my own youthful days. Events, long forgotten amid the strife of the world, come back upon my mind, and touching scenes of my boyhood, and countenances never to be forgotten, pass in review before me as if by enchantment. Years fill my eyes as I remember the companions of my sports—my schoolmates—and I ask of myself, "where are they now?" The deep prophetical voice of time, answers "gone!" and the truth falls like a thunderbolt upon my heart. Yes! 'tis true. Some were in sight in early youth—others in the flower of man, or womanhood; and others, again, in the prime of life—some remain to accompany me through this "valley of tears!"

I have employed some of my leisure hours in sketching a few of their unhappy histories—histories fraught with lessons that all should learn. Here is one: *Perhaps* at some future day, I shall lay before you another: until then, adieu!

Ida Wentworth;

Or, the Broken Hearted.

Ida—Ida Wentworth! Aye! the name thrills upon my ear, and causes a tender cord to vibrate within my bosom.

She was seven years of age when she first came to my village school, a timid, modest little girl, leading her sister, Mr. Darlington whom her own daughter Isabella accompanied her. Her mother had died when she was about four years old, leaving her an heiress. They bequeathed her to the care of her aunt Darlington, who soon became as a mother to the young orphan: but, alas, she was not long destined to fill that dear relation, for, in a year afterward she was laid beside Ida's mother in the tomb. Yet still there was one being left who could fill the place of a parent: it was Mr. Darlington. He divided his affections equally between her, and Isabella, and it was owing to his tender solicitude for her cousin's health, and her own, that he sent them from the city, to our academy.

Well do I remember the most soft admiration that arose from the juvenile beaux, who formed the male portion of our school, on the day she made her first appearance. Indeed, young as she then was, no one could look upon her without loving her. But we soon found it was not only her loveliness of person that claimed our love, but the amiable disposition, and sweet, gentle, manners, endeared her to us all. Many a time have I sat beside her, engaged in studying my lesson, when by degrees my eyes would wander from my book, and finally rest in boyish admiration upon her pale and spiritual countenance, and those deep, dark tresses, that fell in unrestrained luxuriance over her neck white as Parian marble. She seemed a small angel, as she sat there surrounded by a host of satellites. But why do I call upon this scene? Suffice it to say, that like all other things it had an end. Ida Wentworth was destined to be known as Mrs. Sully.

Two years passed away, and Ida was the mother of a little daughter—two years of joy and felicity, for Frederick Sully was all a woman could ask for. Devoted to her, and her child, he constantly witnessed it, and denied upon his little daughter. Ida's heart was so light and gay as when she first became his bride. But those happy days were soon to cease—the blight was ere long to fall upon that heart which had never known care or woe.

Scarcely had the two years elapsed, when a change became visible in the conduct of Frederick Sully. His evenings, which he had been wont to spend at home in the society of his wife were now spent abroad. At first our sight in the week, then two, then three, and so gradually until at last the whole seven found him from home. This absence, it will usually occur, his stubborn soul in the goodness of her heart to say thing but the right cause: but then, at length, came the finished and lasting brow, the unsteady step, and the irritated temper, and then it was that the truth flashed like lightning upon her mind. He had become an inebriate! Yes! the high minded and accomplished Sully had stooped to the degrading and unmanly crime of intemperance. But he was also addicted at times to gaming.

The progress of the intemperate is like the ship drawn within the vortex of the Heliopont: at first he approach toward the fatal gap is slow; then increasing in velocity it draws nearer, and nearer, and yet still more near, until, at length, in plunges headlong into the yawning abyss. Thus it was with Frederick Sully, and four years had not elapsed since their marriage ere he and his family were now constrained to take up their abode in an humbler dwelling, and leave the splendid mansion in which they formerly lived. Misery in its fell train followed close, but she now felt it her duty to try, by every means in her power, to win him back to the paths of rectitude and virtue.

"Frederick," said she, when they had settled in their humbler home, "Frederick, you have often said you loved me—that I was dearer to you than life—will you not then for my sake, and for that of our daughter's, be no you once were? Promise me this. We can yet be happy."

She threw her arms around his neck as she spoke, and her tears bedewed his cheeks. Her tender appeal touched his better feelings.

"Yes! I will reform," he said. (How often had he thus vowed to himself!) "But, oh! Ida, how can I repay the injury I have already done you? I have almost beggared your—I am a brute—worse than inhuman—I deserve not your love. Spurn me—cast me from you. I am unworthy of such an angel's fidelity."

He covered his eyes with his hand, and his breast heaved convulsively.

"No! I will not reform," he said. "How often had he thus vowed to himself!); "But, oh! Ida, how can I repay the injury I have already done you? I have almost beggared your—I am a brute—worse than inhuman—I deserve not your love. Spurn me—cast me from you. I am unworthy of such an angel's fidelity."

He covered his eyes with his hand, and his breast heaved convulsively.

"Oh! say not so," she exclaimed, raising her head to his bosom, and looking affectionately in his face, "speak not thus. Only promise you will reform, and all will yet be well."

"I promise," he said, "nay I swear by the God that made me that I will not touch again the intoxicating cup."

It was a fearful oath, and was registered in Heaven.

Days, weeks, and even months passed, and Frederick Sully was an altered man. Through the influence of Mr. Darlington he had procured a clerkship in a mercantile house, and bade fair soon to become a useful and respectable the member of society. Once more the smile of joy lighted up the countenance of Ida: her sweet babe grew in beauty, and her husband adored, but the now felt at her daily's infant. Then, too, he looked forward with hope to days of coming happiness. Mr. Darlington and Isabella had gone to Europe, and Frederick had of all the gay throng that surrounded them in their prosperity not one deigned to visit them in their humble abode. It is wealth that sweeps the affections of the world.

The abstinence of the intemperate, on whom the curse has grown as a habit, is like the sun, that sometime intervenes between the ocean storm soon again the tempest bursts with redoubled fury and night again is darkness and horror.

The demon had not released his hold upon Frederick Sully. Old habits, in course of time, began to resume their sway. He broke one vow not again at evening—the burning brow, the unsteady step, and the irritated temper again returned. His wife, with her little daughter in her arms, was again compelled to await a return at midnight. Deep—deep was her anguish as she thus sat watching through the weary hours, yet she murmured not when he entered would follow him in silence to bed. Let it not be supposed that he was altogether insensible of the wrong he was doing her: no! in his sober moments, when he looked upon her cheek now grown wan and pale, his countenance smote him, and he resolved to do better in future. But then, he would remember his oath, and he shuddered to think that it was broken: but the tempter was ever by his side, and the "fine wine" presented a ready stifler of the "still small voice." His high resolves were forgotten in the excitement of the hour, and they soon became almost reduced to grinding poverty.

One day he returned at his usual hour to dinner, and lounged up by hands of the same expression of despair and shame—and his face were concealed. He seated himself at the table, but his appetite was gone, and the untasted food was set as if in deep thought. Thus he remained for some time. Suddenly he turned toward Ida, who was seated beside him looking tenderly in his face.

"Ida," he said.

She started. It was uttered in the tones of by gone days.

"Ida," said he again, "my conduct toward you has been cruel in the extreme. I have beggared you: I have reduced you from wealth to poverty: yet you have relieved the asylum offered you by your uncle in his house, and preferred to live with your husband in poverty, misery as he is. You love me still?"

"Love you! Oh! I love you! I do!" she exclaimed, grasping his hand, whilst her eyes filled with tears.

"Then I would ask another sacrifice of you, Ida. I wish you to accompany me to the West. I will not ask you to believe any promises of amendment, nor do I wish to make any,—for I have already broken a fearful oath!—here a shudder ran through his frame,—"let my future actions speak for themselves."

"To the West?" she exclaimed in surprise—for she had not thought of such a thing before.

"Yes," he returned, "to, but, perhaps you would rather remain with your uncle."

"Oh, no, no," said she, "I will cling to you Frederick, while life lasts. But why leave here where we still have a friend or two left, for the land of the stranger?"

"Ida," said he, whilst his brow grew dark, so that her little daughter, who had climbed upon his knee, turned away in fear,—"Ida, my employers have discharged me: that I can bear; but I cannot get employment in another of those who once were most servile in their efforts to please me. Ay! even those who first taught me to love wine, and who have since helped to spend my fortune, now shun me as if I were a pestilence."

He rose from his seat and paced the room with rapid strides. The damning fiend had not altogether blasted his better feelings: he still retained an innate sense of pride. Stronger, that the man who is thus conscious that he is doing wrong, and in whose breast still lives such feelings, should, when the flowing bowl is presented to him, suffer himself to be led away by its influence. Not so he. Over him who has once tasted it, it seems to possess a magic power that he cannot resist.

The day for their departure was fixed, and the only thing that Ida dreaded, was to bid adieu to her uncle, and cousin. She trembled when she thought of it, for she loved them dearly. They, too, loved her, for her misfortunes had caused them many a sleepless night.

On the evening preceding their departure, she drew on her bonnet, and bent her faltering steps toward her uncle's dwelling. She rang the bell, and a servant appeared, but not recognizing her, and seeing her poor habiliments, was about to refuse her admittance; but she rushed past him into the drawing room, and in the next moment was clasped in the warm embrace of her cousin Isabella. Her uncle, too, was there,—and, releasing herself from her cousin, she turned, and wept upon his neck.

"Uncle, dear uncle!" she exclaimed, as soon as she could find utterance, "I come to bid you farewell, to-morrow, we set out for the West. I know what you would have," she continued, observing her uncle attempting to speak, "but, oh, do not ask that of me: I will never forsake him,—no! he is still my husband—the father of my child."

There was a silence of some moments, broken only by bursts of grief. She again spoke.

"Yes, I will cling to him while life lasts," she said, "I know your pride and station—they stir from love to me—and I cannot find words to express my thanks; but depend upon it, I will ever remember your offer, and when I write you of how much he is still my husband—the father of my child."

"Frederick," said she, when they had settled

"Ida, do not talk so. I cannot bear it."

"Oh! say not so," she sobbed: "but there is something within me that seems to say it is the last time I shall press you to my bosom. Oh! my husband, will you see her who now bids you adieu—forever?"

"Ida! Ida! you still distract me," said her cousin.

"Isabella," she said with an unnatural calmness, "look upon me. Do you behold me as you once did? Say—do I not speak true when I say it is the last farewell?"

Isabel looked upon the pale cheek, and sunken eye: they told too plainly that the worm was at the bone.

Turning away from the sorrowful looks of her cousin,—Ida stood in silence gazing around the apartment: it recalled to her mind the days that were past, and the events of by gone years came rushing back upon her with overwhelming power. She pressed her hand to her throbbing brow, as if to suppress the whirling of her brain. She threw herself at her uncle's feet, and murmured "thank you."

"God bless you: my child!" he exclaimed, placing his hands upon her head, "God Almighty bless you!" The next tried to Him: *He* will never deceive you."

She embraced both, again, long and fervently, and turning from the room with a heart that seemed breaking, she quitted that place which had a few years before re-echoed with her merry laughter, and which had known her light and unending step, ere her spirit had been crushed by affliction's heavy hand.

* * * *

It was autumn. The sun was shedding its last feeble rays over the city of Cincinnati, and night was fast setting in. The streets were alive with citizens hastening to their homes. The wealthy millionaire in his splendid equipage, of which he himself seemed to be a part; the money making merchant, whose very face betokened of Ledgers and Day books, and in whose countenance one might read of Dr. and Cr.; the bustling mechanic, the artizan, and the laborer, each and all whose hips one would imagine they could hear the very ready "happy to serve you sir!" the honest mechanic from the work shop; the laborer from his daily toil; and the beggar, with the rascals in his pocket, of his excruciating appeals to the human feelings. All were "homeward bound," all seemed glad,—seemed to realize something cheering in the contemplation of home. Even the dog seemed partaker of their master's feelings, and leaped, and gambolled as if with joy. Some were hurrying one way, some another,—and then the poor would ask "bad not rather more of us: a creamy, mush-fusion, yet delicious happiness steals over us, lapping every sense into elysium,—and though we may have found the front of bottle, or bottle summoned the sorcerer body's anguish, we can scarcely keep the tears at bay, from springing to our eyes, so deep, and swelling, and resistless are the feelings that gush in our bosom.

The emotions that filled my heart, on awaking the first morning in Malta, and knowing that I was in the same hotel with Isabel, and that the struggle I had had with destiny, was now over, were nearly akin to those delicious, yet soothing feelings which came across me, when I returned to my early home after my first long absence,—and a broken down sofa—and the same old table with one leg—table with one leg—broken off—three of four old chairs—a stool—and a broken down bedstead—all that can be enticed it. Poverty was visible every where, even in the windows which were panes, and which were stuffed with old rags to keep out the chill autumn air. Yet there was something about the appearance of her who lay there, upon the grave's brink, that went near to say "this had not always been her lot." Her skin was so very fair—her features so finely moulded—her eyes were so delicately arched—and her long hair, which lay in a golden mass upon the pillow, pushed back from her snowy brow, so soft and silky.

For days a woman spoke in a strange tongue, a voice to one of those that stood by, who raising her up with a pillow, supported her head. She spoke to the little girl, who came from her home, and approached the head of the bed. She drew her little daughter to her bosom, and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek.

"Farewell," she whispered, "don't cry Isabella, my daughter. I am going to God: if you love me, you will not grieve for me—remember Heaven's blessing on you, my child! Farewell!"

The child's grief burst forth anew at these words, and they were forced to lead her from the room.

"Now could I but see him before I die, I should be content," she murmured, and her eyes wandered toward the door, as if she expected to see some one enter.

At that moment a noise was heard without: she raised her head from the pillow. Directly the door opened, and a miserable looking form came reeling into the room, and staggering up to the bed, clutched one corner to keep from falling.

The dying woman gave one piercing, heartrending, scream; her head sank back upon the pillow—she was dead! The *chord*, which had been gradually tightning, had snapt asunder: her heart was broken.

That shriek pierced the bosom of the drunken husband like an electric shock: he was suddenly sobered. He stood for a while motionless, and gazed wildly round, like one awakened from a fearful dream, until at last his eye rested upon the wasted form, stretched cold in death before him. Conviction then appeared to rumine its sway.

"God Almighty!—she is dead!" he exclaimed, and rushed from the house.

It was the first time he was seen of the once wealthy, and accomplished, Frederick Sully, and it is not unlikely that to his other crime (for it was his conduct that brought his wife to the grave) he added that of suicide, and that the waves of the Ohio became the wording sheet of the intemperate.

Ida was buried in the place appropriated for strangers: but was subsequently disinterred by her uncle, who, on receiving an account of the sad event from a kind neighbor, who had attended on her during her sickness, and who had taken the little Isabella to her home, went immediately thither. She now lies in the church-yard of a respectable religious denomination, and a rich though chaste monument of snow, with the simple—emblematical of her own pure soul—marks the spot where rests

"THE BROKEN HEARTED."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

TO ALFRED HAYMAN.

> Nay, breast not, wanton! count not now
> With pride thy field of fame;
> Tell thou count me something more
> Than that such sword became
> Gaunty: to fashion its form strange
> Of war, that like a billowing surge
> With rich device of steel and flame,
> Sweep over the land where peace reigned
> And knew it never could be tamed.
>
> The other's rage with golden fruit.
> The queen rich with flowers,
> The wine-cup sacred was unto
> The gods and their bowers;
> Where scents o'er a garden are shed,
> Where the sun not to its golden set
> And bright the sward the moon,
> How does this now that strange has passed?—
> Blushes it to the fates a boast?
>
> Then know it of gentle tender heart,
> What's fearful does not shrink,
> Yet 'tis that not a soldier dies
> But sore bleed our sad eyes
> Some infant seems a father's fate—
> It makes kind and desolate.
> Withers for its dear sake,
> Of mother comforted and cheered
> Her days are dark and dreary.
>
> Behold the field, the battle past—
> What means each fair there by man?
> Lonely soldiers by the children's stand—
> And by the cradle dead.
> The mingled wreath, whose starting eye
> Tells that his fatty agony
> Is still unquenched—indeed
> His spirit—which around him stands
> Of the fair forms that were
> The sacred cot—the hearth stone's mound—
>
> The wreath, whether here
> Of the fair forms that were
> Or the fair forms that are
> Is the same thing—
> Is the same thing—
> Is the same thing—

the fallen man, no imputation was ever laid upon her second lieutenant, or on any engaged in it. But, in my cooler moments since I have often looked back to that night with regret.

It was about ten o'clock when I reached the street in which my hotel was situated, and almost the first object I saw, after separating from my companions, was the valet of Mr. Thornton. He had no sooner perceived me than he rushed forward, and looking me full in the face, as if to assure himself to my identity, clasped his hands exclaiming,

"Thank God!"

"Why, John," I asked in some surprise, "what is the matter—has any thing happened?"

"Don't ask me since your humanity—ask—but there's been a report here that one of officers and the Yankee—I beg your pardon sir—had got into a fight, and that you were in the thickest of it—and sure enough when Squire Thornton sent up to the hotel, where it all took place, to learn the truth of it, they sent back word that you'd all gone out to fight a duel, and that you was the head man of them. God be praised that you are still alive."

"But Isabel—Miss Thornton—"

"Oh! sir, they all alike thank you dead, especially since they heard that you had challenged Lieutenant O'Loughessy, the best swordsman in the navy; and that he'd sworn a great oath by the Pope—the lover of a Catholic—that he'd have your honor's heart-blood—"

But I did not wait to hear more of the valet's story. The name of Isabel, filled with fears for my safety, and tortured by the many exaggerated reports I saw were in circulation, rose up before me, and without listening for the conclusion of the sentence I darted away, leaving the astonished valet, through the doorway of the hotel, and knocking down a servant with a tray in my way, hurried up, heedless of ceremony to the private parlor of Mr. Thornton. No one was there. Isabel's brother lay immediately beyond, and thither I sped as fast as my footsteps could carry me. Rushing the door open with a single jerk, I ran my eyes hastily around the apartment to see if her I sought was there. I beheld no one, save I heard or heard a sob, as if somebody was weeping. At that instant a figure, which had been hidden in the deep drapery of the window curtains, suddenly emerged into the light, and turning around hastily I beheld Isabel. With a cry of joy she sprang forward and fell fainting in my arms.

The emotions of that moment were worth an age of misery. I held in my arms the form of her for whom I would have given my own existence, and I saw, with an ecstasy I cannot describe, that the tears, shed over my fancied danger, were still resting upon her cheek—that in this world of sorrow and disappointment what is so delicious as those silent proofs, that however dark may be our lot, there is one heart at least, that beats in unison with our own, smiling when we smile, and weeping in our absence for our return. A current of cold, joyous, delicious feelings rushed through me as I gazed down upon that Madonna-like countenance, and felt that the treasures of love were in my arms, and been rendered so, by excess of joy at my safety. That moment crowded out of my memory the long years of hardship I had undertaken. It is as fresh, to-day, in my recollection as the hour when it happened.

But those moments, sweet as they were, did not prevent me from remembering Isabel's situation; and hastily depositing her on a sofa under the window, I seized a flower vase standing by, and flung the water over her pale countenance. In a few moments she revived, and faintly opening her eyes, looked up with an unnoticed gaze; but as she recognized me leaning over her, a vivid smile stole over her face, and she extended her hand. I seized it, covering it with kisses.

"Are you better Isabel—dear, dear Isabel—mine own?"

"And it was not a dream—you are safe, thank my heavenly father!" clasping her hands, she raised her eyes to heaven, and for a moment seemed lost in thanksgiving. I bowed beside her—my heart was flowing out in love for her—running over—my own Isabel was pouring out her gratitude to that pure being whom I had so often slighted; that I was there. That many and my heart been softened as it was in that hour. The tears fell fast from my eyes. I turned away to hide them.

"Henry—ok! where have you been?—but I will not chide you—I did not think a few minutes ago that I should ever again see you. Oh, how I have watched from the window for the last hour for your coming, and how crushing was the disappointment of every successive moment, until at last I could see no longer for the tears, that coming think and fast, blinded my sight. You know all now, dear Henry, and perhaps I am wrong in telling you this; but I am so glad that you are safe that I scarcely know indeed what to say—but you were in danger, were you not?—you—you have been in a duel—"

"No, Isabel, decreet," said I, pushing the curls back from her brow, and kissing her sunny forehead, "you have been unwisely alarmed—but here comes Mr. Thornton, and now you shall hear the whole."

The joy of the parent was only second to that of the daughter at seeing me in safety, and after the hearty congratulations of my intended father-in-law were over, I found an opportunity to detail the adventures of the evening. I confess that as the eyes of Isabel looked up into my own, with all the pretty confusion of her unpracticed affections, I would willingly have drawn a veil over much that had transpired during the evening. But I frankly told the whole, for I could not find it in me, especially after witnessing what I had just seen, to disguise the truth in the least. I thought there was a shade of anxiety flitting over the brow of Isabel as I proceeded, but it passed away when she learned my successful efforts to prevent a duel—when Miss Arbuthnot's fate became to the death of the English officer. But when I closed, and once more clasped her hands, and looked with eyes of fondness a moment at others

"A sad business—a sad, very sad affair," said Mr. Thornton, "but I am glad, my dear boy, that it is no worse, as it might have been, but for you. We heard of it an hour or two ago, through the carelessness of my valet, who mentioned it to Isabel's protector, thoughtlessly. I sent immediately to the regular means of the disturbance to learn the truth, when the stupid messenger brought back an exaggerated account of the affair, and a challenge, in bold of which you were to be principal. I suspected that part, at least, to be untrue, and sent out messengers to ascertain the real facts. Not coming with this, I left about an hour since to seek you, if possible, wherever you could be found, for this fellow little dreamed how bad mischief every thing a thousand fold—I heard of his one note almost—in that I could no longer remain quiet at home. Wasn't it so, my love?"

But Isabel had hid her face in her father's bosom, and did not answer. I could only offer my apologies to cover her one, not even to her father, for she had his during them scattering caresses.

We did not part that night. It was well long after the hour of twelve had sounded from a neighboring church-tower. The calm light of the moon shone on through the open window, and fell over our little circle, while the fragrance of the evening blossoms, borne on the gentle breeze, and the voices of the air, mingling in harmonious confusion, rather, came soothingly across the chamber. I seemed at length, but not to sleep. The excitement of the evening kept the senses awake, and the thrill of delight began to subside the soul, when I fell, at length, into a happy slumber.

The days that yet remained in the long wished for one, which should give me Isabel, passed away, while away, during which the health of my intended bride was placed beyond all danger. From the first day of our coming at Gibraltar, her father said, and had been constantly, until of the morning of her bridal, except a certain languor which only added to her loveliness, she never looked, or declared, so beautiful. The mingled illness and smiles, accompanied by a timid, yet unaffected modesty, with which she then greeted me, I can never forget; while a calm seriousness of expression, through which her happiness struggled in the sweetest smiles, gave to her countenance a purity that made it, if possible, angelic.

We were married. Need I say more. My tale is told.

Of the characters who have appeared at various times in the progress of my story, but who have not been fully described, I will give a few words more, if I will only say, that justice to themselves required me not to paint them in as bold a relief as I might have done, but the perplexing modesty should have detected them even under fictitious names. Some of them are yet living, high in their country's confidence, and others are dead, for whom have passed away and are forgot. Not forgot by all. One lies on the coast of Syria, and one found a grave on the Pacific—and he whom I have called old Tuffrail, is buried in the churchyard which I now see from my window. He died in the house of John Bull, to whom he had often been more than a father.

Mr. Thornton returned to England after the termination of his mission, and Isabel, filled with fears for my safety, and tortured by the many exaggerated reports I saw were in circulation, rose up before me, and without listening for the conclusion of the sentence I darted away, leaving the astonished valet, through the doorway of the hotel, and knocking down a servant with a tray in my way, hurried up, heedless of ceremony to the private parlor of Mr. Thornton. No one was there. Isabel's brother lay immediately beyond, and thither I sped as fast as my footsteps could carry me. Rushing the door open with a single jerk, I ran my eyes hastily around the apartment to see if her I sought was there. I beheld no one, save I heard or heard a sob, as if somebody was weeping. At that instant a figure, which had been hidden in the deep drapery of the window curtains, suddenly emerged into the light, and turning around hastily I beheld Isabel. With a cry of joy she sprang forward and fell fainting in my arms.

The emotions of that moment were worth an age of misery. I held in my arms the form of her for whom I would have given my own existence, and I saw, with an ecstasy I cannot describe, that the tears, shed over my fancied danger, were still resting upon her cheek—that in this world of sorrow and disappointment what is so delicious as those silent proofs, that however dark may be our lot, there is one heart at least, that beats in unison with our own, smiling when we smile, and weeping in our absence for our return. A current of cold, joyous, delicious feelings rushed through me as I gazed down upon that Madonna-like countenance, and felt that the treasures of love were in my arms, and been rendered so, by excess of joy at my safety. That moment crowded out of my memory the long years of hardship I had undertaken. It is as fresh, to-day, in my recollection as the hour when it happened.

But those moments, sweet as they were, did not prevent me from remembering Isabel's situation; and hastily depositing her on a sofa under the window, I seized a flower vase standing by, and flung the water over her pale countenance. In a few moments she revived, and faintly opening her eyes, looked up with an unnoticed gaze; but as she recognized me leaning over her, a vivid smile stole over her face, and she extended her hand. I seized it, covering it with kisses.

"Are you better Isabel—dear, dear Isabel—mine own?"

"And it was not a dream—you are safe, thank my heavenly father!" clasping her hands, she raised her eyes to heaven, and for a moment seemed lost in thanksgiving. I bowed beside her—my heart was flowing out in love for her—running over—my own Isabel was pouring out her gratitude to that pure being whom I had so often slighted; that I was there. That many and my heart been softened as it was in that hour. The tears fell fast from my eyes. I turned away to hide them.

"Henry—ok! where have you been?—but I will not chide you—I did not think a few minutes ago that I should ever again see you. Oh, how I have watched from the window for the last hour for your coming, and how crushing was the disappointment of every successive moment, until at last I could see no longer for the tears, that coming think and fast, blinded my sight. You know all now, dear Henry, and perhaps I am wrong in telling you, this; but I am so glad that you are safe that I scarcely know indeed what to say—but you were in danger, were you not?—you—you have been in a duel—"

"No, Isabel, decreet," said I, pushing the curls back from her brow, and kissing her sunny forehead, "you have been unwisely alarmed—but here comes Mr. Thornton, and now you shall hear the whole."

The joy of the parent was only second to that of the daughter at seeing me in safety, and after the hearty congratulations of my intended father-in-law were over, I found an opportunity to detail the adventures of the evening. I confess that as the eyes of Isabel looked up into my own, with all the pretty confusion of her unpracticed affections, I would willingly have drawn a veil over much that had transpired during the evening. But I frankly told the whole, for I could not find it in me, especially after witnessing what I had just seen, to disguise the truth in the least. I thought there was a shade of anxiety flitting over the brow of Isabel as I proceeded, but it passed away when she learned my successful efforts to prevent a duel—when Miss Arbuthnot's fate became to the death of the English officer. But when I closed, and once more clasped her hands, and looked with eyes of fondness a moment at others

"A sad business—a sad, very sad affair," said Mr. Thornton, "but I am glad, my dear boy, that it is no worse, as it might have been, but for you. We heard of it an hour or two ago, through the carelessness of my valet, who mentioned it to Isabel's protector, thoughtlessly. I sent immediately to the regular means of the disturbance to learn the truth, when the stupid messenger brought back an exaggerated account of the affair, and a challenge, in bold of which you were to be principal. I suspected that part, at least, to be untrue, and sent out messengers to ascertain the real facts. Not coming with this, I left about an hour since to seek you, if possible, wherever you could be found, for this fellow little dreamed how bad mischief every thing a thousand fold—I heard of his one note almost—in that I could no longer remain quiet at home. Wasn't it so, my love?"

But Isabel had hid her face in her father's bosom, and did not answer. I could only offer my apologies to cover her one, not even to her father, for she had his during them scattering caresses.

We did not part that night. It was well long after the hour of twelve had sounded from a neighboring church-tower. The calm light of the moon shone on through the open window, and fell over our little circle, while the fragrance of the evening blossoms, borne on the gentle breeze, and the voices of the air, mingling in harmonious confusion, rather, came soothingly across the chamber. I seemed at length, but not to sleep. The excitement of the evening kept the senses awake, and the thrill of delight began to subside the soul, when I fell, at length, into a happy slumber.

The days that yet remained in the long wished for one, which should give me Isabel, passed away, while away, during which the health of my intended bride was placed beyond all danger. From the first day of our coming at Gibraltar, her father said, and had been constantly, until of the morning of her bridal, except a certain languor which only added to her loveliness, she never looked, or declared, so beautiful. The mingled illness and smiles, accompanied by a timid, yet

Saturday Evening Post.

PUBLISHED AND EDITED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1840.

REMOVAL.—The Office of the Saturday Evening Post has been removed to the South West Corner of Chestnut and Third Street. The situation is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the punctual commencement of our subscribers at any time.

The Poet.

We think, that we may with some justice, speak of the recent improvements made in the Saturday Evening Post, as they are the subject of general comment among both subscribers and exchanges. Our *Original Tales* are highly spoken of, and from every where, even from the Third Street Gazette, a thousand compliments are showered upon us. Some of these are yet living, high in their country's confidence, and others are dead, for whom have passed away and are forgot. Not forgot by all. One lies on the coast of Syria, and one found a grave on the Pacific—and he whom I have called old Tuffrail, is buried in the churchyard which I now see from my window. He died in the house of John Bull, to whom he had often been more than a father.

Mr. Thornton returned to England after the termination of his mission, and Isabel, filled with fears for my safety, and tortured by the many exaggerated reports I saw were in circulation, rose up before me, and without listening for the conclusion of the sentence I darted away, leaving the astonished valet, through the doorway of the hotel, and knocking down a servant with a tray in my way, hurried up, heedless of ceremony to the private parlor of Mr. Thornton. No one was there. Isabel's brother lay immediately beyond, and thither I sped as fast as my footsteps could carry me. Rushing the door open with a single jerk, I ran my eyes hastily around the apartment to see if her I sought was there. I beheld no one, save I heard or heard a sob, as if somebody was weeping. At that instant a figure, which had been hidden in the deep drapery of the window curtains, suddenly emerged into the light, and turning around hastily I beheld Isabel. With a cry of joy she sprang forward and fell fainting in my arms.

The emotions of that moment were worth an age of misery. I held in my arms the form of her for whom I would have given my own existence, and I saw, with an ecstasy I cannot describe, that the tears, shed over my fancied danger, were still resting upon her cheek—that in this world of sorrow and disappointment what is so delicious as those silent proofs, that however dark may be our lot, there is one heart at least, that beats in unison with our own, smiling when we smile, and weeping in our absence for our return. A current of cold, joyous, delicious feelings rushed through me as I gazed down upon that Madonna-like countenance, and felt that the treasures of love were in my arms, and been rendered so, by excess of joy at my safety. That moment crowded out of my memory the long years of hardship I had undertaken. It is as fresh, to-day, in my recollection as the hour when it happened.

But those moments, sweet as they were, did not prevent me from remembering Isabel's situation; and hastily depositing her on a sofa under the window, I seized a flower vase standing by, and flung the water over her pale countenance. In a few moments she revived, and faintly opening her eyes, looked up with an unnoticed gaze; but as she recognized me leaning over her, a vivid smile stole over her face, and she extended her hand. I seized it, covering it with kisses.

"Are you better Isabel—dear, dear Isabel—mine own?"

"And it was not a dream—you are safe, thank my heavenly father!" clasping her hands, she raised her eyes to heaven, and for a moment seemed lost in thanksgiving. I bowed beside her—my heart was flowing out in love for her—running over—my own Isabel was pouring out her gratitude to that pure being whom I had so often slighted; that I was there. That many and my heart been softened as it was in that hour. The tears fell fast from my eyes. I turned away to hide them.

"Henry—ok! where have you been?—but I will not chide you—I did not think a few minutes ago that I should ever again see you. Oh, how I have watched from the window for the last hour for your coming, and how crushing was the disappointment of every successive moment, until at last I could see no longer for the tears, that coming think and fast, blinded my sight. You know all now, dear Henry, and perhaps I am wrong in telling you, this; but I am so glad that you are safe that I scarcely know indeed what to say—but you were in danger, were you not?—you—you have been in a duel—"

"No, Isabel, decreet," said I, pushing the curls back from her brow, and kissing her sunny forehead, "you have been unwisely alarmed—but here comes Mr. Thornton, and now you shall hear the whole."

The joy of the parent was only second to that of the daughter at seeing me in safety, and after the hearty congratulations of my intended father-in-law were over, I found an opportunity to detail the adventures of the evening. I confess that as the eyes of Isabel looked up into my own, with all the pretty confusion of her unpracticed affections, I would willingly have drawn a veil over much that had transpired during the evening. But I frankly told the whole, for I could not find it in me, especially after witnessing what I had just seen, to disguise the truth in the least. I thought there was a shade of anxiety flitting over the brow of Isabel as I proceeded, but it passed away when she learned my successful efforts to prevent a duel—when Miss Arbuthnot's fate became to the death of the English officer. But when I closed, and once more clasped her hands, and looked with eyes of fondness a moment at others

"A sad business—a sad, very sad affair," said Mr. Thornton, "but I am glad, my dear boy, that it is no worse, as it might have been, but for you. We heard of it an hour or two ago, through the carelessness of my valet, who mentioned it to Isabel's protector, thoughtlessly. I sent immediately to the regular means of the disturbance to learn the truth, when the stupid messenger brought back an exaggerated account of the affair, and a challenge, in bold of which you were to be principal. I suspected that part, at least, to be untrue, and sent out messengers to ascertain the real facts. Not coming with this, I left about an hour since to seek you, if possible, wherever you could be found, for this fellow little dreamed how bad mischief every thing a thousand fold—I heard of his one note almost—in that I could no longer remain quiet at home. Wasn't it so, my love?"

But Isabel had hid her face in her father's bosom, and did not answer. I could only offer my apologies to cover her one, not even to her father, for she had his during them scattering caresses.

We did not part that night. It was well long after the hour of twelve had sounded from a neighboring church-tower. The calm light of the moon shone on through the open window, and fell over our little circle, while the fragrance of the evening blossoms, borne on the gentle breeze, and the voices of the air, mingling in harmonious confusion, rather, came soothingly across the chamber. I seemed at length, but not to sleep. The excitement of the evening kept the senses awake, and the thrill of delight began to subside the soul, when I fell, at length, into a happy slumber.

The days that yet remained in the long wished for one, which should give me Isabel, passed away, while away, during which the health of my intended bride was placed beyond all danger. From the first day of our coming at Gibraltar, her father said, and had been constantly, until of the morning of her bridal, except a certain languor which only added to her loveliness, she never looked, or declared, so beautiful. The mingled illness and smiles, accompanied by a timid, yet

---

Another Monstrous Explosion.

Never since the winter of the home steamer was there a time so prolific in the commission of the present. Scarcely a newspaper comes to hand without an account of some "dreadful occurrence," or "melancholy incident." The last Mobile papers we learn that the steamer Express burst her boilers on the 13th instant, four miles above St. Stephens, killing five and wounding nine of the persons on board of her. A large was in tow alongside at the time, in which, at the time, several of the ladies were in, wounding one if not more of the latter. The boat itself, it is said, was blown overboard.

The following are the names of the killed and wounded, as nearly correct as can yet be ascertained:

Killed.

Miss Hetherton, Miss Johnson,
Wm. Bosworth, John Langdon,
John, a French boy, a native of Louisiana.

John C. Maguire, Captain, badly.
Edward Anderson, Mate, do
James Brewster, Engineer, doubtful.
Wm. M. Pigdon, 2d Pilot, do
Luke Maguire, passenger, do
Benj. Owens, do do
Dock hand, mouse unknown, badly.
Steward, black man, doubtful.

The following letter gives a vivid picture of the disaster.

St. Stephens,
Sunday night, March 15 o'clock, }

It is with feelings of pain and sorrow that I write you this sad and horrible news that has ever fallen to my lot to write about. A few hours ago, I this evening, the steamboat Express burst her boilers about 10 miles below this place. She had engaged for a little place called Jackson, to repair some of her machinery, and as soon as they saw our boat coming up they commenced getting up steam, and in the excitement of passing us. I was standing at the stern of the boat, leaning against the flag-staff, and watching the movements of the crew of the other, when suddenly I saw the steam issue forth from the head of the boilers, and in a moment the whole boat was enveloped in it—I just followed that I ever heard. For a moment nothing could be seen but the fragments of the boat flying in every direction—and then the shrieks of the wounded and dying! Oh, it was awful. Some of the poor creatures, were blown some distance in the river, and their pines and shrieks for help, as they struggled with the current, was enough to overcome a heart of stone or clay.

We immediately sent our small boat to save those in the river from drowning, and backed the Old Fellow down to the spot, and commenced taking up the wounded passengers, together with what freight, &c. that was left on her. Oh, such a scene—to see many of the poor creatures that were blown into the air, that it was impossible to tell whether they were human beings or not—I have a view of frightening—but the whole of the whole had took effect in the neck of his sister, two years younger than himself, whom he did not observe until she fell lifeless a few feet from his side. It has been our painful duty to record so many sanitor occurrences, and to be so intimately connected with the perpetrators, that we almost despair of touching the owners of this strange profession, and suggest as a last result, that every mother of a child, shall keep the murderers of ages from her home. The practice of hunting is, at best, but a barbarous relic of cruelty of a former age that should be suppressed by more humane and becoming exercises.

Murder.

In the Cincinnati Chronicle of the twenty-fifth ultimo is a long article giving the particulars of a most horrible murder committed on the night of the 21st ultimo, on the person of a mulatto man, about two miles north of that city. It seems that on the Wednesday evening previous, a white man, a stranger, went to the house of a negro man, named Jack, and asked if he remained, and offered the inmates some whiskey which he had in a flask. They partook of it, and he left, saying that he would return next morning. On the Saturday night following, a man again visited the negro cabin and asked for admittance, but was refused, as the negro was in bed. He, however, got in, and commenced an attack on the negro with a knife, which he had been left with, and succeeded in killing him. The stranger then left, and the negro's wife, who had been concealed, returned and found her husband weltering in his blood. She gave the alarm, which soon brought a crowd to the house, when the murderer was found concealed in the chimney. He was taken before a justice of the peace, and committed to prison. The motive for the murder was to get possession of the negro's money, which he had obtained by selling his property, and which he had concealed in the house. The murderer is a native of Germany, and has been in this country but a few months.

Distressing Casualty.

A son of Mr. Hannah Cole, of Cattaraugus, N. Y. while playing with a gun the other day, unacquainted with the fact that it was loaded, killed his sister instantly. The ball entered the forehead, and lodged in the lower part of the brain. The unfortunate child lingered in a state of insensibility, and with nothing but the tissue of combat; while that of the unfortunate boy, was beyond the reach of surgical skill.

Duelling.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says:

"A correspondent of the Washington Globe, in a letter dated Cumberland, Md. 27th ult. says that Mr. Randolph Stanly, late Minister to Russia, and Mr. Graves, of Kentucky, had met on the ground, and exchanged shots, but without effect. The cause of the duel was a publication by Mr. Graves, in a Kentucky paper, of a letter written by Mr. Stanly to Mr. Clay, while Secretary of State, in which Mr. Stanly spoke of Mr. Graves in terms of disrespect. Mr. Graves, on receiving the letter, immediately challenged Mr. Stanly, who accepted the challenge, and the parties met on the ground, as above stated."

Fatal Duel.

The Boston Transcript of Tuesday in a hurried paragraph says—Mr Hatch, ofthe Express, informs us that this morning, William Wallace and Frederick Evans were delivered into the custody of Jonas L. Sibley, Esq. U. S. Marshal, by Mr. Anthony, Marshal of Rhode Island. They were arrested on a charge of sending drafts and money from letters obtained from the Boston, Providence, and Philadelphia Post Offices.

They underwent a partial examination before the U. S. District Court, and were then turned United States Marshal.

Two other individuals, named James Gallagher and Thomas Turner, supposed to be accomplices, have not yet been taken in Boston. Turner is in Providence and Gallagher is at Baltimore. John Reed, alias Bliss, another accomplice, has not been arrested.

Union Canal.

The Union Canal Company have commenced widening their canal to the same dimensions as the Pennsylvania Canal. This will afford an outlet sufficient to answer for the purposes of the Newtown Canal region, and give them a market at Baltimore as the Tide Water Canal.

Judicial Election.

The Governor of Maine has appointed Monday the fourth day of January next, for a new trial on the 10th District for choice of a member of Congress, and precepts have been issued to the towns in that District accordingly.

Canton (Pa.) Compromised.

The Governor of New Jersey has offered a reward of $500 for the discovery of the murderer of Alfred Myers, at the English Neighborhood, N. J., last week.

Canton House Appointments.

Calvin Blythe, Esq., Collector of this port, on Monday made his appointments in the Custom House, as follows:

William Bostwick, inspector, removed.
Andrew Hosmer, ag; inspector, removed.
James Dale, inspector, removed.
Charles Cowell, appointed.
John Deughon, measurer of coal, etc. removed.
Mr. Wheeler, appointed.
Moses Williams, captain of the night watch, removed.

Mr. Butterly appointed.
Mr. Chase, ii measurer, removed.
Mr. Conway appointed.
Mr. Dobbert, ii measurer, removed.
Mr. Dobbert appointed.
Henry Reed was also appointed a watchman.

The Counterfeiter is Lodged Again.—George Maitland, convicted in the old Criminal Court last winter for passing counterfeit money, and sentenced under bail for the same offence, was on Wednesday fined $20 by Judge Cranch of the General Sessions, and in default committed to Metropolis Jail, where the Circuit Court is refusing to answer a bench warrant that had been sent for him.

Election.—The Board of Commissioners of Kensington on Tuesday evening elected Dr. Isaac Hinkle, resident of the Northern Liberties, Spring Garden and Kensington Gas Company, and Joseph M. Paxson, Collector of Water Rents and Superintendent of the pipeing of the district for the next year.

Ignored.—The *Grand Jury* on Monday ignored the bill in which Benj. J. Kessel was charged with illegal voting at the late election.

Interesting Emigration.

The introduction of steam as an agent in the navigation of seas, is my nothing of its application to the navigation of rivers, and to the use of canals, is one of the history of war, as the discovery of gunpowder, and its effects will necessarily be as important. Fitted out with the means of locomotion, amphibious steamers will wish into insignificance by comparison the present cumbrous and slow mode of transportation by land. It gives us pleasure to note that our government is not insensible to the fact. Still, we are unanswerably behind hand in the application of steam to the purposes of war; and ready for use, (and if the truth must be told, such is the defective character of the machinery,) of the brave voyage is laid off the dock attempt; and two other very large ones now complete at our Navy Yard will be ready for sea in the Spring. The Mississippi has *Fifty-one* on commission, ordinary, and building. The number can be increased at pleasure to the exercise of any force. The Fulton, the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the Princeton, are steamers of the largest class ships constructed to be employed in the usual service are required to be so built and fitted, as to be easily converted into vessels of war, when the time and the Admiralty have even the power under the contracts, to purchase them for such purposes when ever they may be needed. Their capacity is unsurpassed. Even the British Queen, the Arcadia, the Britannia, the Great Western, and all passenger ships of steam and engaged in the quiet transportation of letters and passengers, may thus at any moment be transformed into formidable ships of war; their bristling guns may mount our early smiles and wellcomes, with anything but the tones of comfort; while that of the merchantile service, and the gallant officers in the British Navy; having acquired an intimate acquaintance with the performance of our vessels of war, and the strength and position of the forts erected to defend our coasts, may, for the first we have treated them to, abandon specious looking and-treated to the City Hall where the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $5 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $10 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $20 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $50 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $100 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $500 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $1000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $5000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $10000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $20000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $50000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $100000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $500000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $1000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $5000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $10000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $20000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $50000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $100000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $500000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $1000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $5000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $10000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $20000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $50000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $100000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $500000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $1000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $5000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $10000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $20000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $50000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $100000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $500000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $1000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $5000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $10000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $20000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $50000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $100000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $500000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $1000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $5000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $10000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $20000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $50000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $100000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $500000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $1000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $5000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $10000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $20000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $50000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $100000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $500000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $1000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $5000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $10000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $20000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $50000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $100000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $500000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $1000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $5000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $10000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $20000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $50000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $100000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $500000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $1000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $5000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $10000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $20000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $50000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $100000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $500000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $1000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $5000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $10000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $20000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $50000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $100000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $500000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $1000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $5000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $10000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $20000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $50000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $100000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $500000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $1000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $5000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $10000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $20000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $50000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $100000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $500000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $1000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $5000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $10000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $20000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $50000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $1000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $5000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $10000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $20000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $50000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $1000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $5000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $10000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $20000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $50000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $1000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $5000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 specious; the genuine notes in the counterfeit represented to be of the denomination of $10

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Travelling Agents.

☞ I. E. JAMES is our general travelling agent, assisted by G. H. P. Stem and Seth T. Brooke. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

☞ C. W. JAMES, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorised to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis and M. Meeker.

☞ S. G. EASTON and I. P. EASTON for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

☞ S. H. STEVENSON and JOHN P. JOHNSON for Kentucky.

☞ W. A. PIERCE, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

☞ J. IVISON, Jr. Auburn, New York, is duly authorised to receive monies due for Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine.

☞ ALANSON BILLINGS, Esq. is our agent for Tennessee.

☞ L. TOMKINS for the New England States. Subscribers who may be waited upon by the above gentlemen, will please liquidate their accounts at once. tf

Financial Record.

New Counterfeits.

BANK OF THE UNITED STATES, PHILADELPHIA.—50's, (Post Note) letters A. a. payable to and endorsed, John Somerville, Cashier,—dated Oct. 1, 1838, at 10 days. Signed T. Dunlap, Acting Cashier, N. Biddle, President. Signatures and engraving tolerably executed. Paper too cloudy.

THE NEW HOPE DELAWARE BRIDGE CO. LAMBERTVILLE, DEL.—20's altered from 3's. The vignette of the genuine 3's, is a female—Eagle, &c. on right end at the top of the bills—of course, the altered notes have the same.

BANK OF WILMINGTON AND BRANDYWINE, WILMINGTON, DEL.—5's altered from 1's. Easily detected—vignette of the genuine 1's—train of Rail Road Cars, village in the distance. This is also on the altered bills. 2's, letters A. and B. various dates and payable to different persons. Any person at all acquainted with Bank notes, will readily detect them.

BANK OF THE NORTHERN LIBERTIES.—10's, letter A. pay S. Starr, dated July 4, 1838; printed with pale ink of a yellow tinge. R. L. Pitfield, Cash; J. Knight, Pres't. Miserably engraved.

BANK OF WILMINGTON AND BRANDYWINE.—1's, letter B. pay to M. Betts, dated March 30, 1840. The vignette is very poorly engraved; resembling a badly executed wood-cut.

BUTCHERS AND DROVERS BANK, NEW YORK.—10's spurious; these notes do not resemble the genuine notes in the least. The vignette of the counterfeit represents a steamboat, with the name of Fulton on the wheel-house. The right margin has the word "Ten" extending across it. The left end a train of cars. These will suffice to detect the bill.

20's letter B. payable to G. Ostrander, dated Oct. 1, 1840. D. W. Townsend, Cashier; Geo. B. Smith, President. Vignette, Cattle under a tree, with Railroad cars in the distance. On both ends, the denomination of the note. Purport to be engraved by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Co. Signatures stiff and poorly done.

CUMBERLAND BANK, BRIDGETON, N. J.—1's letter F. f. various dates. They may be detected better by the letter J. in Jersey, which is reversed the bottom of the letter turning to the right, or by the word promise, which, in the Counterfeit is one-eighth of an inch from the left margin—in the genuine, it almost touches it. A slight examination will readily detect them.

MAINE BANK, PORTLAND, MAINE.—5's letter L. pay to Thomas Dunson, January 17, 1840. Filled up with blue ink.

FRANKLIN BANK, GARDINER, MAINE.—Beware of bills on the Franklin Bank, of Boston, broke, altered by substituting the word Gardiner, for Boston, and State of Maine printed on the top of left hand corner, and the word Massachusetts scratched out on the bottom edge.

FARMERS AND MECHANICS BANK, STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.—5's, letter A. payable to J. Wilson, dated June 6, 1840. Jno. Andrews, President; D. Moody, Cashier. The general execution good—though the vignette "Goddess of Liberty" is coarse. Paper light and thin.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF LAKE ERIE, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—100's, letter A. payable to R. Winslow, dated Jan. 10, 1839. The bank has issued no notes of this denomination of a later date than January, 1837. The engraving is well executed, though darker in its appearance than the genuine. The principal defect is in the signatures and filling up. The genuine are filled up by an easy, graceful hand, while the counterfeits are badly written and numbered. The public should be on their guard in receiving notes of this denomination.

BANK OF WARSAW, GENESEE, N. YORK.—5's. They may be detected by the vignette, which has a representation of Cattle, and a man on horseback, and is entirely different from the original.

STATE BANK, NEWARK, N. J.—1's, letter D. payable at Mechanics Bank, New York, to Jno. Fleming, (engraved) dated, in blue ink, Sept. 4, 1838, A. G. Halsey, cash; Elias Van Arsdale, Pres. P. Maverick, engraver. Poorly executed.

PROVIDENCE BANK, PROVIDENCE, R. I.—20's altered from 2's. To detect which, observe that the letters and figures are cramped.

BANK OF MANCHESTER, MANCHESTER, VT.—5's, altered from 1's, letter A. red back—vignette a female holding a sickle; of course the true 5's are different. Hold up the bill and the alterations are easily discernible.

GERMAN BANK OF WOOSTER, WOOSTER, OHIO.—5's altered from 1's. May be detected by holding up to the light, as the figure 5 is pasted over the one. The letter s is also left off the word dollars.

HAGERSTOWN BANK, HAGERSTOWN, MD.—50's. letter A. dated May 4, 1840. Signed Elie Beatty, Cashier; Wm. Heyser, President. Mr. Heyser has been dead upwards of two years. Purport to be engraved by Underwood, Bald, Spencer, & Hufty.—*Bicknell's Reporter.*

Political Intelligence.

THE MEETING OF CONGRESS.—On Monday next, the *old* Congress will re-assemble at Washington, and on Tuesday the *old* President will deliver his last annual message. There will, no doubt, be considerable preparation made for arrivals and departures in March next, and some speeches inflicted on the house, but there will be little business of interest transacted until the new powers are organized. The first thing then to be done, is the election of the public printers, which is always an excitable undertaking and which, from the number and zeal of the applicants, promises on this occasion to be more than usually stirring.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—Alexander H. Tyler, of Maryland, to be Consul of the United States for the Port of Bahia St. Salvador, in the Empire of Brazil.

Henry D. Gale, of New York, to be Consul of the United States for the Port of Velasco, in the Republic of Texas.

CUMBERLAND DISTRICT.—At the special election held in this district on the 20th inst. Col. Charles McClure, Democrat, was chosen to supply the vacancy in Congress, occasioned by the death of the Hon. Wm. S. Ramsey.

NORTH CAROLINA SENATORS.—The Hon. Willie Mangum and William A. Graham, have been elected to the U. S. Senate by the Legislature of North Carolina, in place of Messrs. Brown and Strange, resigned.

ALABAMA.—Mr. King has been re-elected U. S. Senator from Alabama; his opponent was John Gayle, Esq. The vote stood King 78, Gayle 56—five whigs and one democrat absent.

VIRGINIA.—The Legislature of Virginia convened in annual session at Richmond, on Tuesday last.

General News.

GREAT BRITAIN AND TEXAS.—Dr. McCauley of Baltimore, who came passenger in the Great Western, reports, that on the night previous to his departure, Lord Palmerston and General Hamilton, the Plenipotentiary for Texas, concluded upon the terms of a Treaty, recognising, on the part of Great Britain, the Sovereignty and Independence of the Republic of Texas, and providing for the mediation of England, in procuring an immediate pacification between Texas and Mexico, and for the establishment of a well defined boundary line between the two Republics. This will be gratifying intelligence to the Texians, and, if confirmed, will prove highly benefical to their commerce and character abroad.

GO AWAY CHILD.—Children are never tired of asking questions, and funny ones they ask too, sometimes—here this little girl now—

'Mother, do horses wear shoes?'

'Yes, child.'

'What kind of shoes are they, mother?'

'Iron shoes, child.'

'How do they put them on, mother?'

'They nail them on with iron nails, my dear.'

'Do horses take off their shoes when they go to bed, mother?'

'O go away, child—don't you see I'm busy? What a tongue you have got!'

NAVAL.—The U. S. sloop of war Decatur, was at Montevideo on the 15th August; she left Rio Janeiro on the 1st of August, at which place she left the U. S. frigate Potomac, bearing the broad penant of Com. C. G. Ridgeley, and the sloop of war Marion, Commander Bell—all well.

Lieut. Winslow has been detached from the schr Enterprize, and has returned to the United States on sick ticket.

U. S. frigate Constitution, Com. Claxton, and schr. Shark, both with small pox on board, were at Callao July 28. The St. Louis sloop of war was daily expected at the same place.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.—It is stated in a western paper, that these linked curiosities have become citizens of North Carolina, and that they lately voted for Governor of that State, by casting a double ticket. The election judges were no doubt a little puzzled to know whether to allow them one vote or two; for though they possess a duplicate set of faculties and organs they are under but one skin, and are more of a unit than man and wife, their connexion being natural as well as by agreement. We understand that Mr. Chang intends running for Congress; if elected Mr Eng will be entitled to a seat in the House, of course.

AN AWFUL POSITION.—A man named Kidd, in attempting to cross the Genesee river, a short distance above the middle falls, during a very dark night last week, became unable to manage his boat and drifted to a dam, only a few feet from the cataract, where the boat grounded slightly and hung like a balance. He remained in this perilous situation for four hours, when he was rescued by some friends attracted by his cries. Had there been two inches more water on the dam, or a brisk wind, he would have been precipitated down the falls, and dashed to atoms.

THE STEAMERS.—A new arrangement is about to be adopted in reference to the departure of the steamers from both sides of the Atlantic, which will prove highly convenient to the merchants and migratory population of both hemispheres. The Queen and President are to leave on the 10th, instead of the 1st, of each month; Cunard's line will start from England on the 4th, and Boston on the 1st, as usual, while the Great Western will take her departure each way on the 16th or 20th, thus completing the chain of communication at regular periods of ten or eleven days.

THE CANALS.—The Pittsburg Gazette of Monday says the packets have stopped running on the Pennsylvania Canal, and freight boats must soon cease, in consequence of the approach of winter. The rivers are still in good navigable order for small and common sized steamers. The New York Canals are still traversable, though ice to the thickness of one or two inches has appeared upon them in the vicinity of Rochester. All the western produce intended to pass through them, will probably reach its destination in good time.

STEAMBOAT PERSIAN.—This boat, which a short time since collapsed a flue, by which several persons were lost, arrived at St. Louis on the 16th inst. Her officers state that twenty-five of the unfortunate sufferers have already died, and there were two more who it was supposed would die soon. There were nine others scalded, who will probably recover. It is stated that the explosion by which so many lives were lost, took place immediately "after a well contested race between her and the Rienzi and the U. States."

FIRE IN NEW ORLEANS.—On the night of the 18th a fire occurred in a grocery store which consumed property worth $15,000, insured for $10,000. Three men were sleeping at the time in the 3d story of the house and were surrounded by the blaze before they awoke. Two jumped down on the sidewalk, and both were severely injured. One had his arms broken and his head badly hurt. The back of the other was broken.

RIO JANERIO.—An arrival from Rio Janerio brings accounts up to the 7th Oct. An attempt had been made to bring about a pacification in the province of Rio Grande, but it failed.

Buenos Ayres, at the last accounts received in Rio, was still under blockade; but there were strong reasons to expect an early adjustment of the difficulties with France.

MELANCHOLY.—The mother of Mr. Benjamin F. Harde, of Evansville, In., his sister, and two children, were recently drowned in the Bonpas River, Wabash Co., Illinois. The road ran along the edge of the river, which was swollen, and the driver of the vehicle in which they were, missing his path, drove off, and was the only one of the party who escaped, which he did by swimming.

COULD'NT AGREE.—The jury in the case of Mrs. Eliza Stubbs who was tried in Boston for an attempt to poison Mrs. Moore who kept a house of bad character, and seduced from the former lady her husband's apprentices returned into Court on Tuesday, and stated they could not agree. The judge sent them out again, for half an hour, after which they returned without agreeing, and were discharged.

CHIVALRY IN LIMBO.—A gentleman of Boston, named John McCord, considering himself injured by the mate of the steamer Caledonia, beyond the cure of any other medicine than gunpowder, sent him a challenge according to rule, and was sent to jail according to law. Never set up for a man of honor unless you are able to give $1000 bail to answer the charge.

NARROW ESCAPE.—A gentleman named A. D. Fisk, residing at No. 71 Beekman street, New York, while sitting with his wife at a back window, was nearly shot by some malicious scoundrels who were amusing themselves by firing off a pistol, loaded with ball, in the rear of the house. The ball struck the window shutter within a foot of Mr. Fisk's heart.

THE GREAT UNHUNG.—The case of Ezra White, of New York, who was convicted of killing a poor foreigner named Fitzpatrick, in a very ruffianly and cowardly manner, is now before the Court of Errors at Albany. White has been reprieved by Gov. Seward two or three times.

SMASHED TO DEATH.—Near Cincinnati five or six days since a little German girl, was engaged in pulling the bark off some saw-logs, on the hill near the saw mill, when, by a sudden jerk, she started one of the logs, which rolled over and crushed her to death.

STILL ANOTHER SUICIDE.—Dr. Edward Field, of Waterbury, (Conn.) committed suicide on the 17th inst., while in a state of mental derangement. He was a skillful physician, and had been for many years in extensive practice.

NAVAL COURT MARTIAL.—The following officers have assembled at Norfolk station to form a Court Martial, of which Commodore Shubrick is President: Captains Morgan, Connor, Voorhees, Geisenger, McKeever, McCauley, and Commander Spencer.

EXECUTION.—Zacariah Freeman, sentenced to death for murder, suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Onondaga, N. Y., last week. Though the execution was private, hundreds crowded to the village in hopes to witness it.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Col. John Gotham, a respectable farmer of Watertown, N. Y. with a laborer in his wagon with him, drove off the bank of Lake Champlain, a few days ago, and was drowned.

ANOTHER STEAMBOAT LOST.—The Charleston Patriot states that the steamboat Sam Jones, loaded with cotton, and bound to Darien, (Geo.) struck a snag and sunk in the river, she will be a total loss.

Dumplins are considered best when *red*.—*Boston Times.*

A NARROW ESCAPE.—In Essex, Mass. last week, a boy named Flanigan attempted to cross the ice on a mill pond, soon after noon, and had proceeded perhaps two thirds the distance from the shore to the railroad bridge, when he fell through, and continued to struggle for some time, before he sunk, within sight of several persons who could not immediately assist him. A boat being at length procured from the river, and transported across the causeway to the pond, the spot where he had disappeared was reached, and the boy was seen standing upright on the bottom, his head being some three feet below the surface of the water.—By much hard work and perseverance, they succeeded in drawing him out apparently dead, when he was taken to a house near by, and after great exertions and with exceeding difficulty he was finally restored to life.

MORE MURDERS.—The bodies of two men were found about twelve miles below Louisville on the 21st ult. in a flat bottomed boat which had drifted ashore on the Kentucky side. The men had evidently been recently murdered, as there were several shocking wounds upon them, apparently made with an axe that lay near, covered with blood and human hair. The boat had also been fired near the bodies, with the design of destroying all traces of the inhuman crime. Suspicions have already been excited against several persons of Louisville. The boat was laden with tobacco and belonged to Virginia.

FIRE IN WASHINGTON.—On Saturday night last in Washington city the printing office of the Native American newspaper, edited and published by Joseph Etter, Esq., on Pennsylvania avenue, near the rail road depot, was discovered to be on fire, and before the exertions of the fire department could be brought to bear, the office, with all its materials, was entirely destroyed. It is conjectured that it was the work of an incendiary.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.—We are authorised to contradict the statement which has appeared in several of the newspapers, that the Royal Mail steamers would proceed to Portsmouth, instead of Boston, during the winter months. This error can only have arisen from the circumstance of 400 or 500 tons of coal having been sent to Portsmouth for the use of the steamers, to guard against the possible contingency of their getting O K—short of cinders.

RUM AND MURDER.—Two men engaged in playing cards for half a pint of rum in a log-cabin near Macon, Ga., a few days ago, got into a dispute about their game, when one named David Puckett drew a pistol and shot the other, Absalom Lyles, who fell dead on the spot. The deceased was a laboring man about 27 years old, and has left a wife and two children in a destitute condition. The murderer has not yet been arrested.

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—We are gratified to learn that the congregation of St. Peter's (Catholic) Church, of Wilmington, have made a decided demonstration in favor of the Temperance cause. On Sunday week their pastor, the Rev. P. Reilly, administered the pledge of total abstinence to one hundred and thirty persons, and on last Sunday many others were added to the number.

CENSUS RETURNS.—The Census of Missouri gives 137,750 as the population. Increase in four years, about 51,000.

Pennsylvania has, it appears, by the late census, a population of 1,348,233.

New Jersey has 373,272 inhabitants. This is an increase in ten years, of 52,493.

ARREST OF COUNTERFEITERS.—We learn from the New Era of yesterday, that the police of New York on Thursday last, succeeded in arresting a large gang of desperate counterfeiters. There seems to be no doubt that the proceedings of this body have been conducted on the most extensive scale, and that a number of storekeepers and others, have been imposed upon by them *recently*.

INFRINGING PATENTS.—The U. S. Circuit Court at Baltimore has been engaged several days in the trial of an action for damages, brought by Mr. Isaac Knight the patentee of an invention improving the action of the axles of the wheels of railroad cars,—against the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, for an infringement of the patent. Verdict $5000 damages.

COWHIDING.—The New York Herald says that a literary gentleman, connected with the daily press, indulged himself for a while on Thursday, in that expensive species of amusement known to the elite, cow hiding. The cowhider is a talented young lawyer, well known in the court as a rising politician, and the son of an ex-Alderman.

MURDER.—Mr. William Cox, of Princess Anne county, Va., was murdered on Monday evening last, by a man named Dawley. His body was found in the woods, about twenty yards from the road, early the next day. Dawley was seen on Tuesday morning going towards Norfolk on horseback.

SENTENCE.—Alfred E. Baker, the caricaturist, has been sentenced by the Recorder of New York, to a fine of $250, imprisonment in the common jail thirty days, and committal till his fine be paid, for libel on the French consul and others by a Lithographic caricature.

STEAM REVENUE CUTTERS.—The merchants of Boston are preparing petitions to Congress, asking that the cutters employed on that station may be remodled and adopted to steam. The suggestion is an excellent one, and should be adopted throughout the Revenue service.

KILLED BY ACCIDENT.—Mr. Reed Smith, of Athens, Ohio, was recently killed in the very midst of his family. He was blowing into the muzzle of a rifle to ascertain if it was loaded; having the button on the floor and his foot on the hammer. His foot slipped, and the whole charge entered his brain.

DEATHS.—The New York City Inspector reports 131 interments during the last week—men 30, women 28, boys 41, girls 32.

In Boston there were 40 deaths—two-thirds the number there were in Philadelphia, with but one-third as many inhabitants.

ANOTHER FLOATING PALACE.—Another magnificent steamboat is now building in Troy, to run in connection with the Rochester, on the North River, in the spring. She is 260 feet in length, and it is said that her engine is one of the most beautiful specimens of machinery ever constructed in the United States.

BURNED TO DEATH.—A colored woman named Chloe Crispin, seventy-seven years old, was burned to death in Portland a few days since, by her clothes taking fire. She ran out into the street, and was found by her son on his return home lying in a snow bank dead, with her clothes still burning.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—The nett proceeds of the fair given in Boston in aid of the monument fund amounted to $30,035 55 which, added to the Elssler and other donations, makes a total of $32,755 03 presented to the monument society.

SERIOUS FIRE.—A fire occurred on Sunday night in the building occupied by the New York City Library Society, which, though soon distinguished, did considerable damage to some of their most valuable books.

CAUTION TO DRUNKARDS.—John Evans was recently executed at Savannah, Ohio, for a murder. On the gallows, about to launch upon his destiny, he warned the bystanders to beware of intoxicating drinks, ascribing to their influence his most unhappy condition.

DESPERATE RUFFIANS.—A watchman of Boston was attacked on Sunday night by some friends of a prisoner he had in charge, who, in their efforts to rescue their companion, stabbed two citizens in the back who came to the officers assistance.

STEAMER LE ROY.—We note that the loss of the Mail Steamboat Le Roy, which we published two weeks ago, is just beginning to go the round of the papers again. New matter must be scarce.

RECOVERY OF STOLEN GOODS.—Mr. McGrew has recovered the whole of the jewellery taken from his store in Cincinnati a few days ago. The burglar, whose name is Harvie, has not yet been taken.

SOUTHERN BOUNDARY.—The boundary line between the United States and Texas, when established, it is said will leave Miller county, Arkansas, wholly within the limits of Texas.

THANKSGIVING DINNER IN JAIL.—Sixty prisoners confined in the jail at New Bedford, Mass. ate upwards of a hundred turkies and chickens, besides the "variations," on last thanksgiving day.

THE NEW YORK GRAND JURY.—The Grand Inquest of the Court of Quarter Sessions concluded on Saturday, that the "Glentworth papers" were illegally obtained, and hence are not evidence.

STEAMBOAT LOST.—The steamboat Flying Dutchman was lost at Deadman's bar, in the Mississippi, a few days ago, with a cargo of 200 tons of sugar—insured for $12,000.

CONVICTED.—Maj. McElroy was convicted on the 21st inst. at Buffalo, of the murder of Mr. Otis, of [illegible]

CHILDREN SUFFOCATED.—Two children, each only ten months old, were suffocated in New York on Monday last,—one by being overlain in bed by its mother, the other by being folded too closely in its cradle covering, while its mother was at market.

PATENT OFFICE.—The wall of the new Patent Office at Washington, for the exhibition of American manufactures is now completed; it is 273 feet long, 63 feet wide, 30 feet high, and fire proof.

COUNTERFEITS.—Our readers should keep a strict look out for counterfeit 5 dollar notes on the Bank of Wilmington and Brandywine. The city at present is flooded with them.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.—Æsop's Fables have been translated into the Chinese, by Mr. Robert Thom.

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money, with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts by mail, but all letters received by mail at this office, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this matter.

Subscribers residing in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and request that their letters containing money be franked, as the law permits it, so long as it is about what relates to the business of the office. This method would save hundreds of dollars might be saved us by a little attention to this matter.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from Nov. 19th, to the 1st December.

[illegible]

SALES OF STOCKS.

[illegible]

Retail Prices in Market.

[illegible]

Review of the Philadelphia Market for the week.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

Nov. 1840.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water	Moon's phases.
5 SATURDAY,	7 21	4 39	10 36	
6 SUNDAY,	7 21	4 38	11 30	D. H. M.
7 MONDAY,	7 22	4 38	12 34	
8 TUESDAY,	7 23	4 37	12 58	
9 WEDNESDAY,	7 23	4 37	2 4	First 2 3 17
10 THURSDAY,	7 23	4 37	3 12	Full 9 11 15
11 FRIDAY,	7 24	4 36	4 17	Last 15 4 3
12 SATURDAY,	7 24	4 35	5 18	New 31 8 49

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives ab't 2 A.M.	Eastern closes at 4 P. M
New York at 2 A. M. and 2 P. M.	New York at 5 A. M. and 4 and 8½ P. M
Southern, 12 A. M.	Southern closes at 10 P. M
Western, 5½ A. M & 5½ P.M.	Western at 5 A. M. 9½ P. M

Married,

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. A. Reed, Mr. WM. SPOONER, Jr. to Miss MARY LOUISA BENNET, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 25th, 1840, by the Rev. John L. Burrows, Mr. E. S. BURNETT to HANNAH K. daughter of Anthony Mustin.

On the evening of the 24th ult. by the Rev. N. S. Harris, Mr. JOHN LAWRENSON, of Moyamensing, to Miss ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of Mr. John Snyder, of Southwark.

On Tuesday, the 17th of last month, near Byron, Illinois, by the Rev. Mr. Dobins, Rev. S. Y. McMASTERS, of the N. C. Conference, Methodist Protestant Church, to Miss CATHARINE B. eldest daughter of James P. Montgomery, Esq. formerly of N. C.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. J. F. Berg, ALEXANDER B. RENSHAW, to Miss ANN M. daughter of the late Adam Zimmerman, all of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. C. Pitman, Mr. BENJAMIN F. YARD, of Ohio, to Miss ELLEN B. PARKE, daughter of Mr. Auley M. Parke, of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. J. L. Grant, Mr. ISAAC KEELY, to Miss EMELINE MULL, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, 26th ult. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. JAMES M. STEWART, to Miss ANN CROSS, all of this city.

In Granville, N. Y. Nov. 2d, Mr. ALFRED W. UPHAM, of Philadelphia, to Miss ELIZABETH R. widow of the late Lyman Granger, Esq. and daughter of the late Hon. Judge Gibbs, of Granville.

At Hilton, N. C. on the 12th ult. Lieutenant WILLIAM HENRY WRIGHT, of the U. S. Engineer Corps, to Miss ELIZA ANN LONDON.

At Lebanon, on Thursday morning, Nov. 26th, by the Rev. Mr. Ruthrauff, JOSEPH GLEIM, Esq. Editor of the Lebanon Courier, to Miss ROSA ANN EMRICH.

On the 24th of May last, by John Swift, Mayor, Mr. CHARLES J. McEWEN, to Miss ELIZA Y. SHUTE, both of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Odenheimer, AUGUSTUS W. HARKER, to Miss ABILENA G. MORRELL.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, NATHANIEL WALDRON, formerly of Stonington, Conn. to EMELINE, daughter of Thomas Graham, Esq. of this city.

On Thursday, 26th ult. by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, the Hon. HENRY A. WISE, of Virginia, to SARAH, daughter of the Hon. John Sergeant.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. M. Sorin, Mr. THOS. CATHCART, to Miss SUSANNA HOLMES, all of this city.

On the 17th ult. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, CORNELIUS J. TYNDALE, to MARTHA, daughter of William Morris, Esq. all of this city.

At St. Michael's Church, by the Rev. Wm. Loughran, Mr. JOHN ESTILOW, of Burlington, N. J. to Miss FRANCES C. BRACKLIN, of this city.

On the 19th ult. by Alderman J. Thomas, of New Garden, Pa. WM. BELL, of Philadelphia, to ELIZABETH EASTBURN, of New Castle, Del.

On the 25th ult. in St. Michael's Church, Trenton, N. J. by the Rev. Mr. Starr, RICHARD ESHELE, M. D. of Cincinnati, to Miss THEODOSIA W. HIGBEE, daughter of Charles Higbee, Esq. of Trenton.

On Thursday morning, the 26th ult. at Woodstock, the seat of James Hunter, Esq. by the Rt. Rev. H. U. Onderdonk, ALONZO POTTER, D. D. of Union College, to SARAH, daughter of Robert Benedict, Esq. of N. York.

On the 15th ult. by the Rev. Thomas Brainard, JOHN BROWN, Jr. to Miss ROSANNA, daughter of Abraham M. Hazlehurst, all of this city.

On Monday evening, Nov. 30th, by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. ABRAHAM S. MILLER, of Beardstown, Illinois, to Miss ROSINA ANN DE HAVEN, of the county of Philadelphia.

On Thursday, Nov. 26th, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. JOSEPH D. SIMPSON, to Miss JANE E. BRADY, all of this city.

On the 29th Nov. by the Rev. Mr. J. Kennedy, Mr. THOMAS A. JOHNS, to Miss CATHARINE A. youngest daughter of George W. McClelland, Esq. all of this city.

On Tuesday evening, 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Adair, Mr. SAML. H. BOLTON, of this city, late of N. Jersey, to Miss ELIZABETH W. PERRY, of Delaware.

By the Rev. Geo. Chandler, on the evening of the 1st inst. Mr. SAMUEL P. BALL, to Miss ANNA WILT.

At Gallagherville, Chester county, on Tuesday morning, the 1st inst. by the Rev. J. N. C. Grier, Mr. HENRY J. GALLAGHER, to Miss HANNAH C. BALDWIN, both of that place.

[illegible]

Died,

[illegible]

[illegible]

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE,

AND

The Ladies' and Gentleman's

WORLD OF LITERATURE AND FASHION.

THE CASKET AND THE GENTLEMAN'S UNITED.

A new Volume under the above title, of the well established and fashionable Magazine, The Philadelphia Casket in conjunction with the Gentleman's Magazine, which has been every where pronounced the most readable and popular of the day, will be opened on the First of January, 1841, with an array of Contributors secured by the union, of talent and fame, which no periodical in the country can boast or pretend to rival. The Volume will be opened with a new and beautiful type, the finest white paper, and with the first of a series of

Embellishments Unsurpassed

by any which have yet appeared in any Magazine. The style of elegance, the beauty and finish of these illustrations, and the extensive improvements, which will be made in its typographical appearance, and above all the tone of its literary department, by the brilliant array of Contributors, whose articles have enriched the pages of each number, will give it a character, *second to no Magazine in the Union.* The character of the articles which shall appear in its pages, will be equally removed from a sickly sentimentality, and from an affectation of morality, but while a true delineation of human nature in every variety of passion is aimed at, nothing shall be found in its pages to cause a blush upon the cheek of the most pure.

THE LITERARY CHARACTER

will be sufficiently guaranteed by the reputation of both Magazines thus united, for years past. Writers of the first rank have been regular Contributors to their pages, and the tales and sketches published in them have been widely copied and read, and the firm and independent tone of the criticisms, upon the current literature of the day, has been every where approved and commended.

THE LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

Embraces the names of most of the principal writers in America, with a respectable number of English authors.

Original articles have appeared, during the last year, from the pens of the following:—

Professor Ingraham, Author of La Fitte,

" John Frost, Philadelphia,

" N. C. Brooke, Baltimore,

" C. F. Wines, Philadelphia, Author of Two Years in the Navy,

Captain Marryat, Author of Peter Simple, etc.

Morton McMichael, Esq. Philadelphia,

Hon. R. T. Conrad, do.

Willis Gaylord Clark, Esq. do.

Charles J. Peterson, Esq. do.

Rev. Thos. H. Stockton, do.

Samuel W. Stockton, Esq. do.

E. Armstrong, Esq. do.

General G. P. Morris, New York,

Leigh Hunt, England,

Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, Philadelphia,

Park Benjamin, New York,

Douglas Jerrold, England,

Joseph C. Neal, (Charcoal Sketches) The American Boz!

James F. Otis, New York,

S. S. Elliott, Editor of Harrisburg Journal, Pa.

David Hoffman, Esq. Baltimore,

Charles West Thompson, Philadelphia,

Judge Tremper, Dresden, New York,

John S. Du Solle, Esq.

Grenville Mellen, New York,

P. B. Elder, Editor of Columbia Spy, Pa.

The Author of "Stanley,"

Edgard A. Poe, Philadelphia,

P. G. Spear, do.

Author of "Howard Pinckney,"

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Hartford,

Miss Catharine H. Waterman, Philadelphia,

Mrs. Ann Stephens, New York,

Benson Hill, England, Editor of New Monthly Magazine,

Dr. J. K. Mitchell, Philadelphia,

James Montgomery, England,

A. M'Makin and E. Holden, Esqs.

J. Beauchamp Jones, Baltimore,

J. E. Dow, Washington City,

Mrs. P. Ellett, Boston,

Dr. Thomas Dunn English, Philadelphia.

In addition to this brilliant array of names known to fame, the distinguished services of a host of anonymous writers of no ordinary abilities, have given worth and character to the pages of the Magazines. The series of well known nautical papers entitled, "Cruising in the Last War," have had a run, unequalled by any series published in any Magazine, for years. The author promises to open the first of a new series of

TALES OF THE SEA,

and from his known abilities as a depictor of sea scenes and life, much may be relied upon from him in maintaining the popularity of the Magazine. Papers may be expected during the volume, also from the author of the well known articles entitled, "The Log of Old Ironside."—The author of "Syrian Letters," will also lend his powerful and graceful pen, to sustain and increase the reputation of the work. The valuable aid of the author of "Leaves from a Lawyer's Port Folio," has also been secured,—and we may expect something still more thrilling from the capacious stores which a long life in the profession [illegible]

FASHIONS AND ENGRAVINGS.

[illegible]

TIME OF PUBLICATION.

[illegible]

LIBERAL PROPOSAL

[illegible]

THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

A new volume of the old and well established family newspaper,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

is begun with the present number. The volume is opened with material improvements, both typographical and literary. The proprietors having for a long time deprecated the floods of foreign literature, indiscriminately re-published in this country, have determined, without altogether neglecting this fields, to select nothing but the choicest tales and sketches, from the English periodicals, and they have made arrangements by which they can furnish these to their subscribers in advance of every cotemporary. The editors will also keep an eye to the best new American tales afloat, giving, always, the preference to the writers of their own country. In order, however, that the SATURDAY EVENING POST may maintain its high position, as the

First Family Newspaper

in the United States, arrangements have been made with the first authors of the country, for a regular supply of choice and entertaining

ORIGINAL TALES,

historical sketches, poetry, &c.

We determined at the outset, that while the paper continued under our control, it should be strictly,

☞NEUTRAL IN POLITICS,☜

and that as news, and literary journalists, we had nothing to do with the matter; this determination has been strictly and rigidly adhered to, and while we shall continue to give our readers, such public documents, as may be deemed of interest to all, and such a history of the progress of political events, as are strictly in keeping with our duty, and the character of the paper, we shall studiously, and thoroughly avoid any contamination of partizan politics.

The paper is now printed in beautiful type, and has received the praise of many editors of taste, as "*the handsomest family sheet in the Union.*" Our efforts have been directed to the combining of beauty and simplicity, with utility and taste. The Post is printed on a stout white paper, rendering it neat and durable for filing.

Our NEWS DEPARTMENT undergoes the strictest supervision, and every thing important and worthy of note that happens in the Old World or New, shall be collected and collated for the taste of our readers.

THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT

shall always be choice and select, and shall receive strict attention, while such things as may interest our juvenile readers, and that important and large class of our readers,

THE FARMERS

will not be overlooked. In order to gratify, as much as possible, the laudable desire of our country readers, a portion of our attention will be devoted to the collection and diffusion of such

NEWS,

as may seem IMPORTANT TO AGRICULTURALISTS, and the population resident without the confines of our great cities. The *state of the markets* and the fluctuations in the prices, will be regularly, and what is of more moment, *correctly* given.

We have ever been opposed to the constant bluster and parade made by some editors, about the excellence of their papers, and have resolved, that the Saturday Evening Post, shall be so conducted, as to

SPEAK FOR ITSELF.

Our readers will always find in its columns the earliest and most authentic information, as well as the most choice and entertaining literary matter. We have totally discarded the system of filling the paper with *quack advertisements*, but prefer giving our readers from week to week,

ENTERTAINING READING MATTER.

And we feel assured that we shall be no loser thereby, as but few readers care about having a paper filled with descriptions of these nauseating compounds.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

will be furnished for $2 per annum in advance, or one copy three years for $5.

NO NEW SUBSCRIBERS RECEIVED WITHOUT THE MONEY.

To those who wish to subscribe, we would say, that the safest plan is to enclose the money in a letter and direct to us. Most postmasters will frank their letters if relating to nothing but the business of the office, and all postmasters who will be kind enough to do so, we shall be pleased to acknowledge as agents.

EDITORS who may wish an exchange, will please copy, and forward a number of their paper, marked with ink to this office, and their favor shall be promptly acknowledged without fraud or delay, as is but too often the case.

Address, GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

South West corner of Third and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia. n7 tf

DOCTOR JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES.

These medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous *Professors* and *Presidents* of *Colleges*, *Physicians* of the *Army* and *Navy*, and of *Hospitals* and *Alms-houses*, and by more than three hundred *Clergymen* of various denominations.

They are expressly prepared for family use, and have acquired an unprecedented popularity throughout the United States; and as they are so admirably calculated to preserve HEALTH and cure DISEASE, no family should ever be without them. The proprietor of these valuable preparations received his education at one of the best Medical Colleges in the United States, and has had fifteen years experience in an extensive and diversified practice by which he has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of diseases, and of the remedies best calculated to remove them.

These Preparations consist of

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, a valuable remedy for COUGH, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, SPITTING OF BLOOD, CROUP, HOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, PLEURISY and inflammation of the Lungs or Throat, Difficulty of Breathing, and all diseases of the PULMONARY ORGANS. Price $1.

Also JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, for the PRESERVATION, GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR, and which will positively bring NEW HAIR on BALD HEADS, and prevent the falling off or turning GREY. Price $1.

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE. A pleasant, safe, and certain preparation for the removal of WORMS DYSPEPSIA, SOUR STOMACH, FEVER AND AGUE, WANT OF APPETITE, and all diseases of debility, especially of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, and ORGANS OF DIGESTION. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, a certain cure for BOWEL AND SUMMER COMPLAINTS, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY CHOLIC, CRAMPS, SICK HEADACHE, SOUR STOMACH, CHOLERA MORBUS, and all derangements of the STOMACH and BOWELS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, &c. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, for FEMALE DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, COSTIVENESS, FEVERS, INFLAMMATIONS, OBSTRUCTIONS, DISEASES of the SKIN, &c. and in all cases where an appointed Alternative or Purgative Medicine is required. Price 25 cents.

Prepared only by Doct. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents in nearly every Town and City in the United States.

The following list comprises a portion only, of the more important AGENCIES, viz: Jayne & Pancoast, No. 1[illegible]

[illegible]

THE OPIUM-EATER.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

The Colonel of the Boston Post is a man of inexhaustible resource. He was knocked down flat by the overwhelming defeat of his party, but it was only for a moment; he jumped up like a twinkling, and has been telling the world ever since that he don't care, in a succession of witty and good humored paragraphs. Now, had these should tire, he vents his concolerance in metre. Hear him.

Thanksgiving.
BY A DINNERER.

"What number shall this be?"
"Four! I'm thirty!"
Fourteen times are over now!
And other times are coming!
No more are reaping ours will reach
With that infernal dreaming!
No more the fat, inviting fowls
Of second time managed slaughter,
Will shrivel upon the starched rind
Of anxious wives and daughters;
God bless 'em! they can struggle now
Beneath the silent and blankets,
Or, if the baby will not sleep,
Can rock the cradle.
Oh! heaven out and spank it!

Once more at welcome breakfast time,
While seeping o'er our chops
We beat the smoking newspaper,
Spread out to dry by Sophy,
And hope to find some thousand just
To drive away the vagrom.—
Not hard by yard, unwelcome,
Of staged "Greenwich pepper."
"The smart-and-cool coat" complete
Ma fits of squingey, or
The Coat that's forgotten which,
And Gladstonth the dyspepsia!

No more hearing, spread by wage
What he knew not what nonsense is,
Will fly to table side by side,
And frighten starved heroes;
No more the various lungs will swell
Like forty thousand Stentors,
Not more the silent election fear
Raises "a plague in corvention,"
And where's the man who hasn't fear,
No politics be brought on.
But Dick talks stiff with Jonathan,
Grass supper with Hamerica?

As sure after thunder squalls
The stampeding is passe;
As sure after lover's spoils
Th'e passion is the sure;
As sister "proclaims in block,"
Fuel better after baking,
So may we all the better be
For this tremendous shaking;
Thus various pass up your bets
Remember luck's a rover;
And Dame Fortune takes them, and in —
Right glad election's over.

* Opium, the Colonel—Maginn epigrammatic writer, Doctor of Divinity, Knight—and a scholar to princes. Magnus, alias the Sage, formerly a subscriber to politics.

A Jay Hit.—A reverend gentleman was riding along the road one day, and he had on a cloak, which he wore when the slemmins within seemed to wage and dispute their claims to superiority, of rather an extraordinary make and pattern; caps upon caps, like the os work in a regular fortification; so that when the rain had got possession of one fold, it had a fresh one to encounter. The whole were trying their full power to turn the tailor's barricade into ridicule, and were assailing the shoulder turrets in all directions, when the English gentleman came up, mounted on a very spirited horse, which had never been trained to such sights, and he shied, and almost threw his rider. "Why, man," said John Bull, "that cloak of yours would frighten the devil." "Well," replied the minister, "that's just my trade."

A Severe Critic.—We were a man in this city so particular in the expression of his literary judgment, that he already have suggest nine town days to the criticism of one line of poor composition. He was fourteen hours in calculating the right position of a comma—wrote three sheets of paper on the impropriety of a dash, besides a large collection of notes upon the difference between a colon and a semicolon. He thinks he shall finish his labors about the 4th of July next, when he has promised us the last fully corrected, but our editorial leader on that day. The prayers of all subscribers are sincerely requested for his success in the ratio of one for every two times they snooze.—*N. O. Crescent City.*

Song.

She is not like to outward view
An fancy modern be,
Her loveliness I cannot know
Until she smiled on me;
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are cold and calm,
Yet mine they warm and cheer;
And yet I seem not to behold
The love-light in her eye.
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

Napoleon's Blanks.—A stranger having entered the apartment where the Emperor Napoleon was shaving himself, when in a little town in Italy, he said, "I want to see your great Emperor—what are you to him?" The Emperor replied, "I share him."

To the bald with golden hair.

Yes! thou art lovely—thy figure and face
Were formed in the forms of beauty and grace.
And gold are those ringlets of thine.
But, darling, I wish you would have less the worse.
Instead of the hair, were the gold on thy purse.
And I should consider thee divine.

How Weary Particles!—"There is a speculative old bachelor in John street who is so careful of his health, that he wraps it up every night, on rising in bed, in three sheets of paper, with a stitch of Fame's loudmouth candy!

Sentinel's Wish.

I'm weary hearted—yes, I am—
I would have no lots of trouble,
To go to bed a single man
And rise up as a double!

A Gentleman.—Sam Slick says a gentleman is one who is rich enough, wilies' enough, and knowin' enough, when the thing has to be done or finished right, to go the full figur; and to do the thing genteel.

Safety Apartments.—Since the fortifications of Paris have been decided on, several owners of houses in the centre of the metropolis have put up bills of the following purport: "Apartments to let with *bomb proof cellars!*"

Pleasant.—To get all ready to be married, and then, on the joyful day, find yourself one of a *hung jury* while the other moiety of two week's incarceration. Pleasant business this.

Getting Retailed.—If the devil should lose his tail, where should he get another? Ply's give it up?" "Is a gin shop, to be sure, because there they retail fluid spirits?"

Echo.—Of what use is the Echo?" "The female." "Why?" "Because she always will have the last word."

Genius!—What kind of wood should the ballad be made of?—*Poetry.*

Woman—She spoiled us with an apple, but atoned for the wrong by forming a pear.

One more Extract.—The modern introduction of steel pens and blue ink, has had one good effect, at least—that is, it causes lovers to afford some thing like originality in their tender epistles. A country lover in writing to his Dulcinea, instead of concluding his letter with the common stereotyped assertion,

My pen is poor, my ink is pale,
My love for you must never fail.

had the inspired genius given him to ward off this:

My pen is steel, my ink is blue,
I don't like you—I send no nonsense to you!

The Dead.

Here finish'd their contemporary days!
Thrice they fired salutes in may,
But last a round at treble energies,
The twice as nothing on time's way.

To southern climates are traveling and sought
And bright's fall the rays from the starts of the night,
But lighter and deeper and nearer the soul,
Are the signs the dark eyes of my pretty Creole.

My pretty Creole, O there's joy in her glance;
Her laugh is a music to make the heart dance;
Her smiles are stolen from their petals swell,
Mocking for morning my pretty Creole.

O would to my country I'd never been born,
For, known or unnoticed, the world is the same;
Earth is beautiful while there's sunbeam in the soul,
And love is the spur of my pretty Creole.

My pretty Creole, my newly found treasure,
My source of bright hope and my fountain of pleasure,
The joy of my heart and the song of my soul,
And the light of my being, my pretty Creole. Prize.

The Advertisement.

Surrounding a table, on which were mingled cups of tea, bottles of liqueur, glasses, and a bowl of punch, Alfred Courtreul, and some half dozen of his young companions were finishing their evening's entertainment. Their party had been rather a noisy one; all young and gay, the room had been decorated with great taste, mirthful songs, and shouts of laughter. But as change, in this world, is universal, their merriment were out of time; and the conversation took a serious turn. It was evident that the liquids were nearly tabooted.

"It must, be allowed, gentlemen," said Alfred, placing his empty glass on the table, and with a heightened color, that contrasted forcibly with the tone of gravity which he tried to assume, "I must be allowed that the life of a bachelor is very insipid." His companions looked at him with astonishment, and their silence indicated that they were not of his opinion. Alfred continued, "Assertion, without an end; noise and riot without any good result. Days spent in seeing the fruits of prodigality, regret, and repentance. This is the life of a bachelor, which is called the most delightful season of our existence."

"But it is the time when we can taste and restrain that forms its charm; you cannot deny that," said Felix Janier, who appeared to have preserved his senses better than the rest.

"I am tired of that freedom," cried Alfred, "wearied with illusions and chimeras that exhaust me while attempting to realize them. I am disgusted with silly amours which fail to interest the heart, while they destroy my sensibility. I must have something more than such monotonous life."

"Are you dreaming of marriage?" asked Felix.

"You have said it; Yes: a beloved wife, with some little images of myself; happiness assumed and continuous; it is of these, I dream."

"Then that gives you some thoughts of marrying."

"Why, my good fellow, I am so idle. I do not like the trouble of seeking a wife; besides, by seeking, one is not likely to find a suitable person."

"Then I suppose you would take from the hands of providence."

"And why not?"

"Well I see but one way: place an advertisement in some fashionable journal."

"Faith I never thought of that!"

"And you would not have done it if you had. I was but jesting when I mooted it."

"But I am positively serious?"

"What to publish yourself in their manner?"

"Yes."

"And give your address?"

"To be sure."

"Come, come—that would be too original, and you would not like to do it."

"But I will do it!"

"And when?"

"To-morrow."

"I will wager a dinner you do not."

"I accept the bet."

"Gentlemen," said Felix, rising, "you are witnesses to this wager. You will partake of the dinner to-morrow at the Rocher Cancale." Of course, there was no dissenting voice to the invitation, and the evening far advanced, the party separated.

The morning of the next day was cold and rainy; one of these gloomy days in which time creeps slowly away, and the stimulants seems almost to become a matter of comfort. Madame Bonville her friend Lucy were suffering from its influence; they had been silent for more than five minutes, and that was a long time for two young, intimate, and pretty women, one of whom had proved lost love may survive marriage, and the other was, at two-and-twenty, the mother of an old man, to whom she had considered herself sacrificed. Seated before a good fire, the two ladies were, notwithstanding, devoured by the vapors, when Lucy suddenly passed from unusually tarpaty over the leaves of the morning's journal. Her attention was arrested by a few lines, which she had not perceived on looking over it, and having read them, she laughed heartily.

"What is it?" said her friend.

"Oh, the oddest thing: the drollest, and most incredible, that you can fancy," answered Lucy.

"Of what nature?"

"An advertisement. I will give you ten minutes,—twenty minutes to guess its purport?"

"It is not worth while to try."

"Perhaps not; but I desire it. A young man, twenty-eight years of age, dark complexion, good figure, and agreeable countenance, well educated, and possessing a handsome little fortune himself would assure the happiness of any lady who may engage an income of not more than eight thousand francs, and would be desirous of settling early as possible. Youth and beauty are not so much value in his estimation as those mental and moral qualities which form the basis of domestic happiness, yet he would rather that the lady should not exceed his own age, nor would he desire him self to a woman repulsively ugly. Address between ten and twelve, to M. Alfred Courtreul, 11, Rue d'Angoulesme."

"And you consider this serious?" said Madame Bonville, laughing in her turn.

"Read for yourself!"

Madame took the paper, and looked over her paragraph. "It is too absurd," she said.

"It is more ninny," added Lucy, "none ignorant stupid lived."

"It is thought himself an accomplished gentleman," continued Madame.

"It is carrying self-conceit rather too far," observed the lively young widow. "such a fellow ought to be punished: he wants a lesson. Suppose we give him one?"

"And how?"

"Send for him here, and laugh at him. He must be a fit subject for mirth, I am sure?"

"Oh, yes! quite."

"No, indeed: I do not."

"But what purpose would it answer?"

"You are always already weary of this gloomy day, and it is not yet half gone."

"Well, but reflect, my dear Lucy; observances, you know."

"He must be a person incapable of judging of such matters."

"But what can we say to him?"

"We should be at no loss on that point. I am quite certain?"

"Suppose any thing unpleasant should rise out of such a proceeding?"

"I have no fear of that, we shall be two to one, and two witnesses."

Madame Sourille hesitated a moment, and then said, "You seem so determined that I suppose I must yield. Come, then, let us have done with pretty paper, folded, and sealed it carefully, and then rang for her coachman. "Peter," said she, "put the letter under the carriage, and take this note to its address."

The coachman obeyed his orders; and Lucy had charged his cabriolet with contrary, anticipating rare sport. The two ladies, like two children, raged for a game of play, waited impatiently for the return of Peter with M. Alfred Courtreul.

Madame Sourille's carriage, had been a source of no lesser before Alfred's door, yet he had not comprehended the note, which he was reading for the ninth time. "M. Alfred Courtreul is requested that he will allow himself to be conveyed, in the carriage sent him, to a person who wishes to see him, on important business." Suddenly recollecting the wager of the preceding evening, he said to himself: "Ah! this is some trick of those merry fellows: they would fain see if I am willing to follow up the consequences of that insertion. Well, they shall find I am not one to be cajoled, and if they think to mystify me, they may see the tables turned perhaps." And he dressed himself hastily, and descended, but on getting into the carriage, the coachman's story staggered him a little. He stretched himself, however, quite comfortably on the cushioned seat, and thought: "Bah! the letter is sealed, they have borrowed this equipage. Well, let those laugh who win!" The heroes, in a very few minutes, stopped before the gates of a handsome hotel, which were immediately opened, and Alfred, slighting, was conducted by a domestic, who was evidently waiting for him, up stairs. The young gentleman was somewhat astonished, when, the servant having thrown open a pair of folding doors to announce him, he found himself in the presence of two ladies. Though he felt puzzled, he did not lose his presence of mind, and still suspecting some trick, he resolved to be tried to answer, "I must be allowed that the life of a bachelor is very insipid." His companions looked at him with astonishment, and their silence indicated that they were not of his opinion. Alfred continued, "Assertion, without an end; noise and riot without any good result. Days spent in seeing the fruits of prodigality, regret, and repentance. This is the life of a bachelor, which is called the most delightful season of our existence."

"Lucien," said Alfred, seating himself, "you have only need the privilege which I accorded to any one by that advertisement."

"Privilege our curiosity has been too great in this matter," added Lucy.

"Not greater than the singularity of the lines that caused it, Madame: the one justifies the other."

These answers were not such as were expected, and she began to feel herself rather awkwardly situated, then her friend came to her assistance.

"Of course this insertion is not meant seriously," said Madame Sourille.

"It is, I assure you, Madam."

"And do you think it will answer your purpose?"

"I hope it will."

"Marriage, Sir, is a sacred and important thing: the means you take——"

"Are certainly not the most prudent, Madam, but they have the sanction of candor. It is better to be known before marriage, than to be studied afterward; and for my part, I look for something more solid than a love based on illusion, and the hypothetical happiness of mere promise."

"You are positive, Sir."

"I think I am reasonable."

Madame said no more, and Lucy took up the conversation in a laughing manner. "Then if I were to offer you my hand, you would accept it without hesitation?"

"Without hesitation—that is, if you answer to the conditions for which I have stipulated," said Alfred, rather staggered by the lady coming to the point at once.

"What a pity I no doubt you mean a young girl, you would not marry a widow."

"And why not?" replied the young man, unable to restrain how he admired her. "I think we scarce he had advertised himself into, "I should think my chance for happiness greater with a widow than a young girl. Girls have read the love dramas, and invent the man of their chosen with imaginary perfection. And I know that I am not perfect."

"This difficulty being removed, I see no other," added Lucy, laughing heartily. Alfred felt rather piqued: he thought most put was in the wager off, but could not guess how, or for what purpose. He resolved, however, to have all his wits about him, and an nay rate to come off with the loss of a wager. "No," continued Lucy, "I see no obstacle. I think I am not very ugly, and I know I am not too old; and I suppose of my fortune were doubts what you name, that would not be a positive objection."

Alfred breathed more freely; he saw a means of escape, and he hastened to say, "Indeed, Madame, that would be a greater obstacle than you may suppose."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I have talents by which I can gain a pretty income of nine or ten thousand francs. I cultivate myself at that source, and I must confess as I am of opinion that there should be equality in all popular between uniting parties to ensure their mutual happiness, I have declared that I will owe nothing to my wife, nor shall she be indebted to me."

"So you would refuse a lady from that motive?"

"I would. I am not of an ungrateful disposition, but cannot endure the feeling of obligation."

"Then, Sir, there is no more to be said."

"Forget this interview, Madam," and Alfred rising, begged permission to retire. The ladies assented; he bowed and left the room, but was not whether he were in a dream, or had been engaged in a scene, planned by Felix Janier.

"Truly this young man is a most singular being," said Lucy to her friend, when the door had closed on Alfred, "it is very well that I magnified my riches, or he might have taken me at my word."

"I told you," said Madame Sourille, "that we might find we had done a foolish thing."

"But who could imagine that we should meet with such an adversary," observed the widow, "really I do not dislike him."

"Dear me!" cried Lucy, Felix, and their friends assembled at the appointed place. Felix entered the Amphitryon, with a rather ill-grace; and Alfred, by a few astute questions, satisfied himself that some of the party had been privy to the adventure of the morning. He thought it unmanly to be reflected on it, and his return from the dinner. The following day he went to the concert Valentine, and there, by chance, met Madame Sourille, who accosted him in the most gracious manner. Alfred was not long in returning the old acquaintance.

Two months after this, Felix Janier, arriving from the north into Normandy, took up his table a letter from Alfred, announcing his approaching marriage, and requesting his friend to be present at the ceremony.

Hereafter let it not be said, that an advertisement is a fruitless experiment, and that the money spent in the insertion is like water thrown into the sea.

Isabel.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Geographical Enigma.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 1, 2, 19, 3, 4, 5, 6, is a City in Europe
My 7, 8, 14, 15, 17, 6, 8 a City in Austria
My 16, 2, 3, 10, 14, 6, 8 a town in the United States
My 18, 8, 3, 11, 14, 15, 15 is a City in Upper Canada
My 9, 2, 10, 11, 12, 13 is a town in Scotland
My 2, 12, 13, 14, 4, 5 a River in Europe
My 14, 15, 3, 8, 16 an Island belonging to Europe
My 8, 2, 16, 14, 5, 1, 15, 12, 8 a River in South America
My 14, 15, 3, 8, 16 a town in South America
My 2, 12, 13, 14, 5, 8 a River in Europe
My 2, 2, 3, 14, 8, 14, 16 a town in the United States
My 2, 15, 3, 8, 16 a City in Russia
My 2, 15, 3, 8, 16 a town in Europe
My 10, 15, 14, 8 a town in Italy
My 4, 5, 15, 3, 8, 16 a Lake in the United States
My 16, 8, 3, 10, 7, 14, 8, 16 a town in Austria
My 16, 3, 7, 16, 14, 8 River belonging to the United States
My 16, 8, 3, 10, 16 name of a Lake in Asia

Answer, Ind. Ter. Pa. W. W.

From the New York American.

Song of Spring.

BY LUCIUS M. SARGENT, JR.

Oh shout! Along her arm of snow
Her cheek of rose serenely laid,
Her sunny tresses o'er her bend fee,
At every sigh her breastings made:
The very breeze which pass'd along,
Wrest o'er her cheek with gentler air,
As both to make with grace strong,
The thing of joy that slumber'd there.

Oh shout! The thin transparent lid
Curv'd round the bright eye's orb of blue;
But the' the earthly orb was hid,
The spirit light still struggled thro'.
While o'er her lip unconscious brought
A quiv'ring pulse which went and came,
As if some dream were with it fraught
The waking hour had cared to name.

Oh sight! And as the wandering rays
Of moonlight kiss'd her forehead pale,
—Bright dreams! nothing left to gaze
On chance-wind which might forget to veil—
He marvell'd not, why shape of air,
Hour wreath which weaves in Heaven had chose,
Enraptur'd with a form so fair,
For women's home had left their own.

Florida.

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Kit knew nothing about such questions, but he knew that this old home was very dear to him, and that his new one was very unlike it: and yet he was constantly looking back with grateful satisfaction, and increasing anxiety, and often indited square folded letters to his mother, inclosing a shilling or eighteen-pence, or such other small remittances, which Mr. Abel's liberality enabled him to make. Sometimes, being in the neighborhood, he had leave to call upon her; and then great was the joy and pride of Kit's mother, and extremely noisy the satisfaction of little Jacob and the baby, and cordial the congratulations of the whole court, who listened with the greatest interest to the accounts of Abel College, and could never be told too much of its wonders and magnificence.

"Perhaps our curiosity has been too great in this matter," added Lucy.

"Not greater than the singularity of the lines that caused it, Madame: the one justifies the other."

These answers were not such as were expected, and she began to feel herself rather awkwardly situated, then her friend came to her assistance.

"Of course this insertion is not meant seriously," said Madame Sourille.

"It is, I assure you, Madam."

"And do you think it will answer your purpose?"

"I hope it will."

"Marriage, Sir, is a sacred and important thing: the means you take——"

"Are certainly not the most prudent, Madam, but they have the sanction of candor. It is better to be known before marriage, than to be studied afterward; and for my part, I look for something more solid than a love based on illusion, and the hypothetical happiness of mere promise."

"You are positive, Sir."

"I think I am reasonable."

Madame said no more, and Lucy took up the conversation in a laughing manner. "Then if I were to offer you my hand, you would accept it without hesitation?"

"Without hesitation—that is, if you answer to the conditions for which I have stipulated," said Alfred, rather staggered by the lady coming to the point at once.

"What a pity I no doubt you mean a young girl, you would not marry a widow."

"And why not?" replied the young man, unable to restrain how he admired her. "I think we scarce he had advertised himself into, "I should think my chance for happiness greater with a widow than a young girl. Girls have read the love dramas, and invent the man of their chosen with imaginary perfection. And I know that I am not perfect."

"This difficulty being removed, I see no other," added Lucy, laughing heartily. Alfred felt rather piqued: he thought most put was in the wager off, but could not guess how, or for what purpose. He resolved, however, to have all his wits about him, and at nay rate to come off with the loss of a wager. "No," continued Lucy, "I see no obstacle. I think I am not very ugly, and I know I am not too old; and I suppose of my fortune were doubts what you name, that would not be a positive objection."

Alfred breathed more freely; he saw a means of escape, and he hastened to say, "Indeed, Madame, that would be a greater obstacle than you may suppose."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I have talents by which I can gain a pretty income of nine or ten thousand francs. I cultivate myself at that source, and I must confess as I am of opinion that there should be equality in all popular between uniting parties to ensure their mutual happiness, I have declared that I will owe nothing to my wife, nor shall she be indebted to me."

"So you would refuse a lady from that motive?"

"I would. I am not of an ungrateful disposition, but cannot endure the feeling of obligation."

"Then, Sir, there is no more to be said."

"Forget this interview, Madam," and Alfred rising, begged permission to retire. The ladies assented; he bowed and left the room, but was not whether he were in a dream, or had been engaged in a scene, planned by Felix Janier.

"Truly this young man is a most singular being," said Lucy to her friend, when the door had closed on Alfred, "it is very well that I magnified my riches, or he might have taken me at my word."

"I told you," said Madame Sourille, "that we might find we had done a foolish thing."

"But who could imagine that we should meet with such an adversary," observed the widow, "really I do not dislike him."

"Dear me!" cried Lucy, Felix, and their friends assembled at the appointed place. Felix entered the Amphitryon, with a rather ill-grace; and Alfred, by a few astute questions, satisfied himself that some of the party had been privy to the adventure of the morning. He thought it unmanly to be reflected on it, and his return from the dinner. The following day he went to the concert Valentine, and there, by chance, met Madame Sourille, who accosted him in the most gracious manner. Alfred was not long in returning the old acquaintance.

Two months after this, Felix Janier, arriving from the north into Normandy, took up his table a letter from Alfred, announcing his approaching marriage, and requesting his friend to be present at the ceremony.

Hereafter let it not be said, that an advertisement is a fruitless experiment, and that the money spent in the insertion is like water thrown into the sea.

Isabel.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Geographical Enigma.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 1, 2, 19, 3, 4, 5, 6, is a City in Europe
My 7, 8, 14, 15, 17, 6, 8 a City in Austria
My 16, 2, 3, 10, 14, 6, 8 a town in the United States
My 18, 8, 3, 11, 14, 15, 15 is a City in Upper Canada
My 9, 2, 10, 11, 12, 13 is a town in Scotland
My 2, 12, 13, 14, 4, 5 a River in Europe
My 14, 15, 3, 8, 16 an Island belonging to Europe
My 8, 2, 16, 14, 5, 1, 15, 12, 8 a River in South America
My 14, 15, 3, 8, 16 a town in South America
My 2, 12, 13, 14, 5, 8 a River in Europe
My 2, 2, 3, 14, 8, 14, 16 a town in the United States
My 2, 15, 3, 8, 16 a City in Russia
My 2, 15, 3, 8, 16 a town in Europe
My 10, 15, 14, 8 a town in Italy
My 4, 5, 15, 3, 8, 16 a Lake in the United States
My 16, 8, 3, 10, 7, 14, 8, 16 a town in Austria
My 16, 3, 7, 16, 14, 8 River belonging to the United States
My 16, 8, 3, 10, 16 name of a Lake in Asia

Answer, Ind. Ter. Pa. W. W.

TWO CHANCE AND PURSUIT the body of all those diseases which are the true source of disease.

ONLY SURE ROAD TO HEALTH.

Regularity of living existence has received certain notice of establishment which, for the benefit of the human race cannot be expunged from the book. There are certain skin, kidneys and bowels, and so long as they are acting in harmony with each other, so long will health exist in perfection; the body will continue in health; but when from any cause whatever, one of these organs becomes deranged, some form must be said, or duty called upon the above outside become abused; it is then recognized by the various symptoms of a disordered stomach, which are familiar to the streets. The results of such conduct would be disastrous to the health and even the human body, when one of the above outlets are closed and morbid humors are thrown back into the system, the body, disease and death will be the certain consequence.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Will be found the most extraordinary medicines in the world for carrying out the

GRAND PURIFYING PRINCIPLE

because they cleanse the stomach and bowels of all humors which are collected in them, and by their powerful action on the liver, cause the blood, in its circulation through the system, to be purified, and in this way the healthy operations of this great organ are restored.

NATURAL DISEASES ARE OPENED.

and their cooling, purifying qualities are manifested, when a disease, not expected to do easy and natural a manner as the Indian Vegetable Pills, they are sure to do it. Their effects are to the astonishment of all who have ever used them.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

The following testimonials of respectable citizens of Philadelphia, notice but a few out of hundreds of cases of equally opposite character, will prove conclusively their usefulness and value.

PETER CURRY, A UNIVERSAL SUFFERER.

Philadelphia, 1st mo. 1st, 1842.

RHEUMATISM.

John Bates, living at 20 Little Water street, has been severely afflicted with rheumatic pains in various parts of the body, and has been confined to his bed for a number of weeks. He has used a number of remedies without effect, and in all cases with no essential benefit. Mr. Bates was induced to purchase a box of the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS a single trial soon two of which were put into his system, and in a few days he was able to be about his business, and in a short time entirely restored to health.

PAIN IN THE BREAST

Was entirely removed by the use of the Indian Vegetable Pills.

Mrs Bates was also troubled with pain in the side and breast, which prevented her from sleeping at night, and experienced the same astonishing benefit from the use of the Indian Vegetable Pills as her husband.

DREADFUL SWELLING OF THE LEGS

Charles Moultie, living in Locust street, between 3rd and 4th, was afflicted with a swelling in his legs, which was red and fever, which no medical means has communication that he could find relief from. After using a few boxes of the Indian Vegetable Pills, the swelling was perfectly removed, and he was restored to health, which he had not enjoyed for many years.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Are a safe and sure remedy for Fever and Ague, and in a few cases of the most violent character, a few doses will cure the disease. The pain and aching of the head, back and limbs, which so frequently accompanies this disease, are entirely removed by the use of the Indian Vegetable Pills. In many cases a single dose will be sufficient to cure the disease. In no case have they failed to cure when taken according to the directions. They are entirely free from any mercurial preparation, and may be taken by persons of the most delicate constitution without any fear of injury. They are perfectly harmless, and will not only restore health to a state of vigor, but will remove the cause of disease.

COUGH, PAIN OR SIDE AND BREAST.

Mrs. Ann Curry, living at 20 Little Water street, Northern Liberties, has been a sufferer for eighteen years with pains in the side and breast, and a cough which has at times been severe. She has used various remedies, but never found any relief until she commenced using the Indian Vegetable Pills, which she has used with astonishing and unparalleled benefit, and finally has entirely recovered her health, and is now able to attend to her household duties, which she was formerly incapacitated from performing even.

WONDERFUL CURES.

Dr. Christopher! I'm sure she was the instrument of saving my life. Yours, Mrs. Ann Curry.

"Nonsense!" returned Kit. "She was well enough, I don't deny that; but think how she would have been if you hadn't been to help her. I'm glad I was out when you came to see me, for I should have made. Why you are a good deal better looking than her, Barbara."

"Oh Christopher! you are!" said Barbara, looking down.

"You are, my day," said Kit,—"and so's your mother."

Poor Barbara!

What was all this, though—even all this—to the extraordinary dissipation that ensued, when Kit, walking into an oyster shop as bold as if he lived there, and not as much as looking at the counter or the man behind it, led his party into a box—a private box, fitted up with red curtains, white table-cloth, and cruet-stand complete—and ordered a fierce gentleman with whiskers, who acted as waiter and cook, to bring supper for seven. Nobbles, "sir," to bring three dozen of his largest, and oysters, and to look sharp about it. Yes, Kit told the gentleman to look sharp about it, and he only said he would look sharp, but he actually did, and presently came running back with the oysters already opened, and replying, in answer to Kit's address that language to me "" only said, "Pot o' beer, sir? yes, sir," and went off and fetched it. And then there was a plentiful assortment of kidney pies, and stewed steaks, and fried fish, and pickled walnuts, and Worcester sauce, and cayenne pepper, and vinegar, and mustard, and bread, and cheese, and celery, and sweet pickles, and I don't know what else, which blind-eyed's dogs could almost the streets in their mouths to catch the ballpence to: and both Kit's mother and Barbara's mother declared, as the turnout grew near, he was one of the slimmest and genteelest young men she had ever looked upon.

Then they fell to work upon the supper in earnest: and there was Barbara, that foolish Barbara, declaring that she couldn't eat more than a mouthful, and then eating more than you would believe before she would eat four; though her mother and Kit's mother made up for it pretty well, and sat and laughed and enjoyed themselves thoroughly, that it did Kit good to see them, and made him laugh and fat likewise from strong sympathy. But the greatest miracle of the night was little Jacob, who sat sucking his fist, and looked on and smiled supremely for the first hour, and then sucked a little bread and butter, and a little pepper and the vinegar with a discussion between Kit and Barbara, which afterwards ended in the table with the whole. There was the baby, too, who had never closed an eye all night, but had sat as good as gold on Barbara's mother's knee